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THE LYRIC SONGS OF THE GREEKS

THE EXTANT FRAGMENTS OF
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THE MINOR GREEK MONODISTS

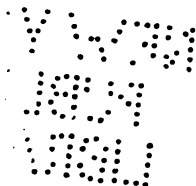
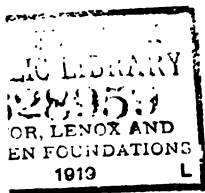
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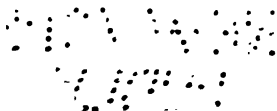
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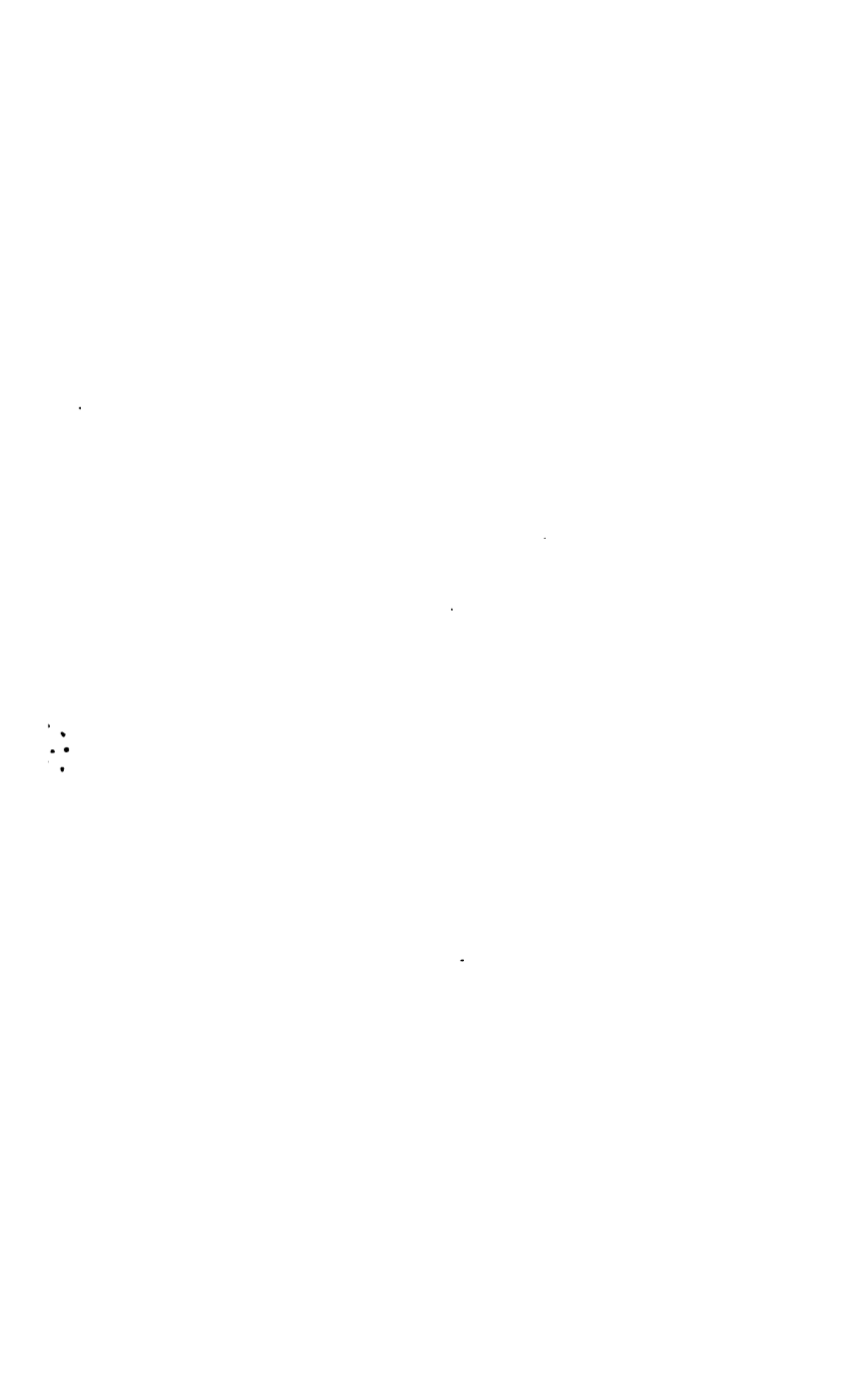
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TO
MY MOTHER
WHO FIRST INSTILLED INTO ME
THE LOVE OF POETRY AND SONG

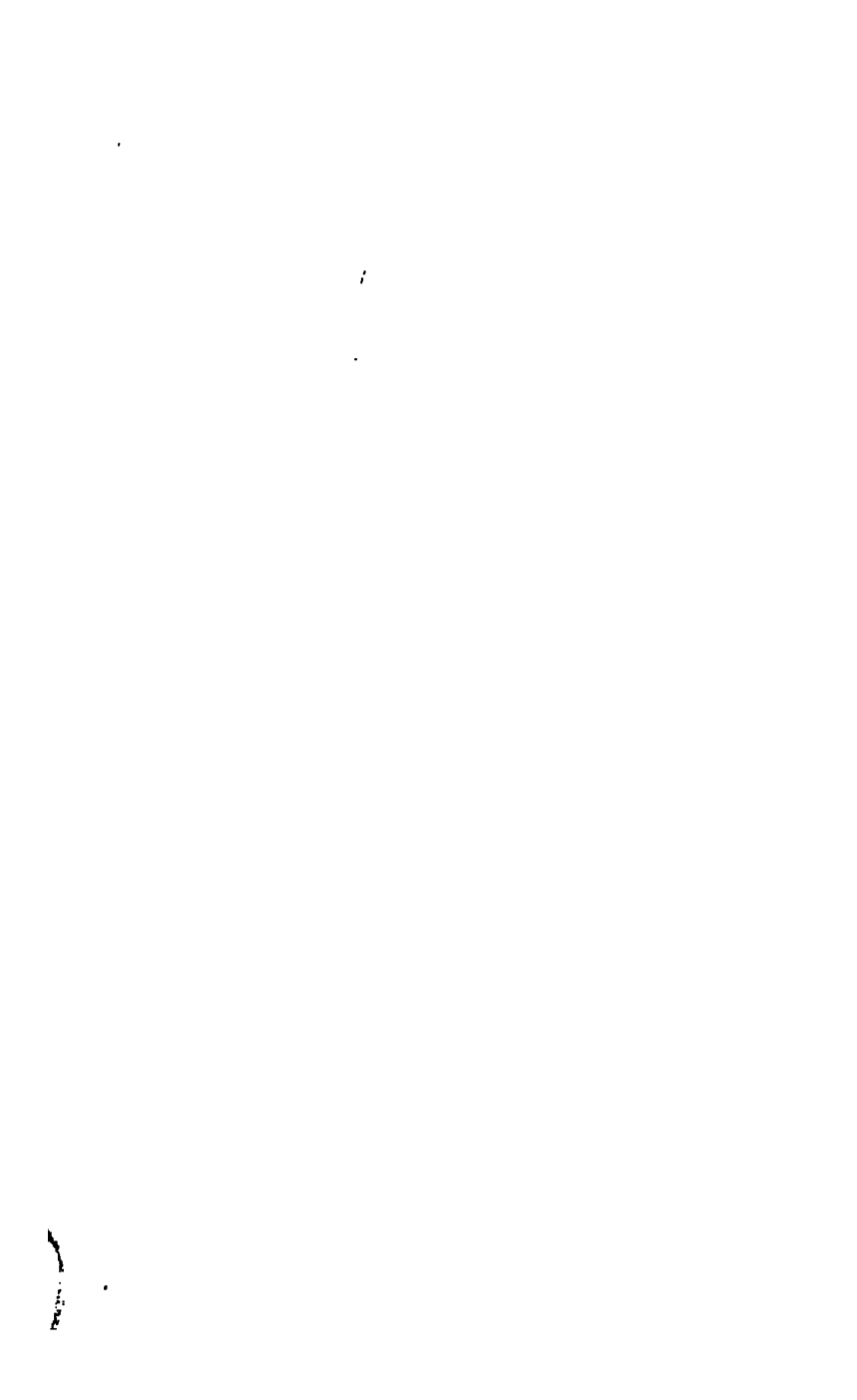


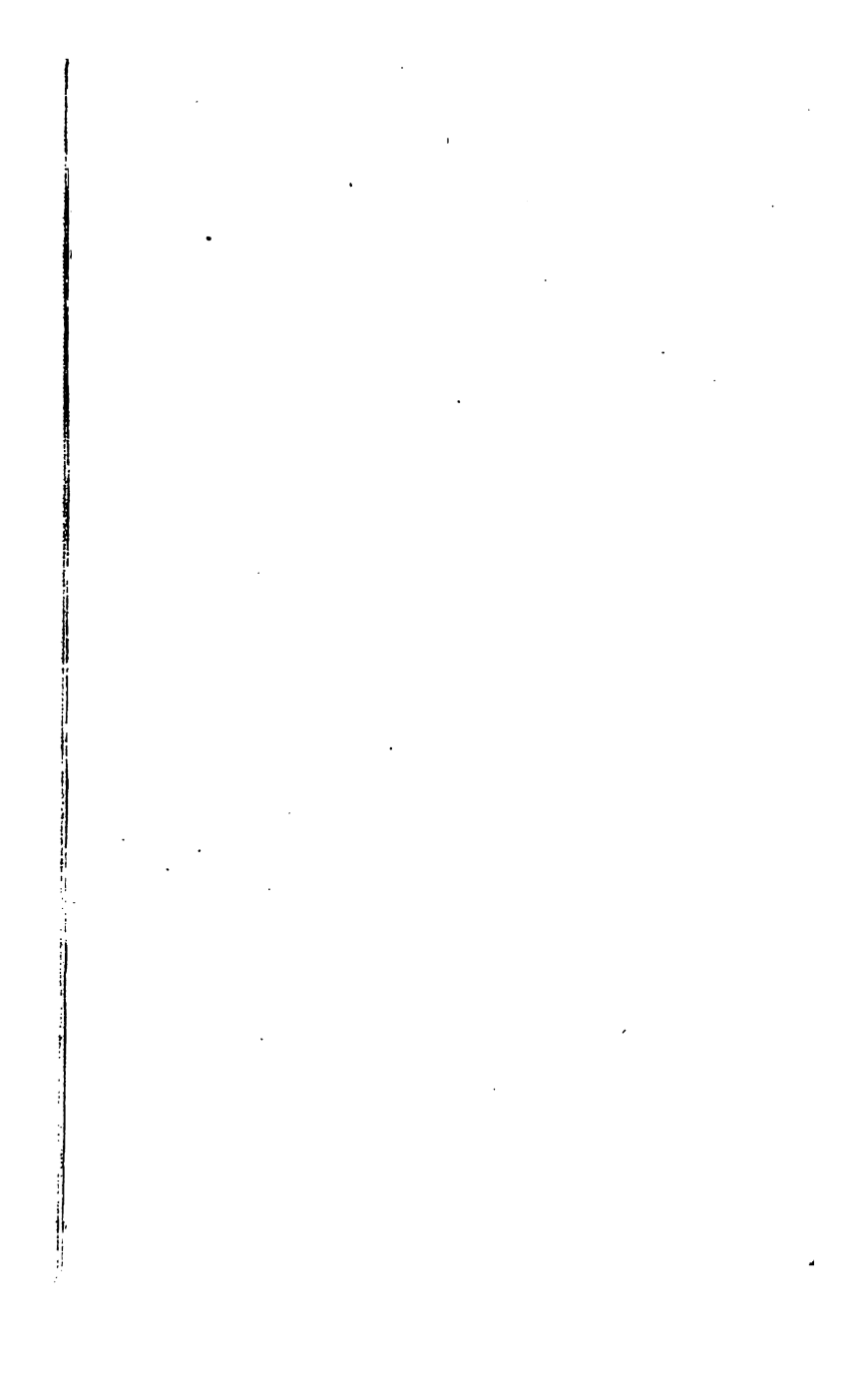


PREFACE

These translations comprise the poems and fragments of those Greek lyric poets whose works were intended to be sung chiefly by the individual, i. e. of the Greek monodists. Of these, however, are given even those fragments which really belong to different categories, e. g. the Epithalamia of Sappho, which were intended for a chorus, and the Elegies and Epigrams of Anacreon are rendered as well as their other poems. Of each poet are given all those fragments which seemed long enough and clear enough to admit of any kind of satisfactory interpretation, omitting only mere words and short phrases which seemed unimportant from every point of view. On the other hand, many fragments have been received which are of no importance intrinsically, but which might shed some light or other on the sphere of thought and interest of the various poets. On the whole my misgivings are rather that I have given too much than not enough.

Since my object was to interpret the Greek lyric poets to the general English reader, and not to appeal particularly to the Classical scholar, it seemed obvious to me that also the form should be that in which we are wont to see modern English lyrics. I have therefore used rhymed couplets and stanzas, which alone bring the ancient lyrics near to us, and







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**THE LYRIC SONGS
OF THE GREEKS**

THE LYRIC SONGS OF THE GREEKS

SAPPHO

By far the greatest of the Greek monodic lyric poets, and, together with her contemporary Alcaeus, the earliest, was Sappho, who lived in Lesbos (Mitylene or, according to others, Eresos) at the end of the seventh and the beginning of the sixth century B. C. She was the daughter of Scamandronymus, and had a brother named Charaxus, of whom Herodotus tells us that he fell under the influence of the famous courtesan Rhodopis, whose real name was Doricha. He went to Naucratis in Egypt and ransomed her, and on his return was met by the barbed shafts of the poetry of his sister, who earlier had composed a prayer for his repentance and return (see no. 8 below), and on another occasion (no. 7) lamented that he fell into the clutches of the fair lady a second time after having once escaped. Other data as to Sappho's family are more or less uncertain. Her mother is said to have been named Cleis, and, to judge from fragment no. 9, she appears to have had a daughter of the same name. However, she may

here not be speaking in her own person, and it is also possible that by "child" she did not mean a daughter, but a girl friend. That her husband, if she had one, was Cercylas from Andros, is most certainly a fiction of the comedians.

Of the events of her life we know nothing more except that she was exiled from Lesbos and went to Sicily about 596 B. C. Since she belonged to the old aristocratic families of Lesbos, the ascendancy of the tyrants, whom her party had fought so bitterly, resulted in banishment for her even though she evidently did not actively lend the service of her poetry to the side on which her sympathies lay. Later she was permitted to return, like Alcaeus, no doubt, through the generosity of the tyrant Pittacus.

After her return all her poetic activity was connected with the "Home of the Muses," as she called her abode, in which she must have lived at the time of her death (cf. no. 68). Here she gathered around her a group of younger women whom she instructed in the arts of poetry and song, and whose beauty and friendship inspired her Muse. Among the names of such companions which occur in her fragments, may be mentioned: Hero, Mnesidice, Anactoria, Gongyle, and above all, the lovely Atthis, whose desertion for her rival Andromeda caused her such sorrow (no. 16). Many of these

girl friends stayed, it seems, till their marriage, and were then rewarded by a beautiful epithalamium or marriage hymn (nos. 26-39).

The case of Atthis shows that Sappho was by no means the only competitor for the companionship of the beautiful and gifted young women of her community, and in addition to Andromeda we hear of a rival Gorgo, on whom, as on the former, Sappho poured out the vials of her contempt (nos. 53-55). Her "Home of the Muses," then, represented a regular Lesbian institution; for at Lesbos women were not restricted as at Attica, but were allowed to move around freely and to be as liberally educated as the men. In fact, were this not the case, the genius of Sappho herself could not have unfolded unhampered.

The passionate language which our poetess uses of her girl friends, otherwise only the language of a lover to his mistress, gave rise to scandalous gossip among the comedians as to her alleged immorality, and to the fantastic story of her unrequited love for the youth Phaon, which, it is said, induced her to end her life by throwing herself down from the lofty Leucadian Cliff. But even if the untrustworthiness of Comedy as a source for the history of literature were not evident on the surface, the mythical nature of their stories could be gathered from

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

the fact that the comedians represent as lovers of Sappho: Archilochus, who lived a century earlier, as well as Anacreon, who lived over a half century later.

The most outstanding feature of Sappho is that passionate love, that worship of beauty, which, though a characteristic of the Aeolians in general, finds its most perfect expression in her poetry, which "stands highest in the passionate lyric of all times and ages." It is a poetry pervaded by such love and sympathy for nature as is otherwise unknown to the ancient world (cf. e. g. nos. 12, 29, 77, 79). It is a poetry of the most exquisite melody, of the most enchanting images, which may reveal in the smallest and apparently most insignificant fragments the magic touch of her genius.

The meager remnants of Sappho which have come down to us through quotation by ancient writers are gradually being supplemented by others from the papyrus finds in Egypt, nos. 3, 4, 6-8, 10-13, 40, and 41 being translations of such modern accessions. Though they are usually in such a bad state of preservation that complete and certain restoration is impossible, they have added considerably to our knowledge of her poetry, and, above all, raise the hope that some time practically complete copies of larger parts of her work will be found. For, al-

though she wrote in the Aeolic dialect, and therefore would not be universally understood, it is now evident that she, as well as Alcaeus, was still popular in Egypt many centuries after her death.

TO APHRODITE

(1)

Ah! gold-enthroned immortal Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, through wily cunning mighty,
Goddess revered, to thee I pray:
My soul-subduing griefs allay.

And hither come thou, if before this ever
Thou didst my distant voice to hear endeavor,
Leaving thy father's house of gold,
If e'er thou camest to me of old.

Upon thy radiant chariot thee ascending
Thy beauteous sparrows, across the earth contending,
Carried thee down from heaven on high,
And busily their wings did ply.

Scarce had they passed, O goddess, earth's wide
portal,
When thou, with smiling countenance immortal,
Didst ask concerning my distress,
What misfortune did me oppress:

"Why call'st thou me, what all-consuming passion
Devoureth thee? The Goddess of Persuasion

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Shall whom constrain to do thy will?
Who, Sappho, dares to do thee ill?

“ Though now she spurns thee, soon she'll friend-
ship proffer;
Gifts which she now refuses soon she'll offer;
Though now thy love she from her fling,
Soon 'gainst thy will her love she'll bring.”

And now again come to me, cares dispelling,
My soul's tempestuous fiery passion quelling.
My heart's desire for me fulfill,
And be my friend and ally still.

TO A BELOVED MAIDEN ✓
(2)

That man who sits before thy face,
Godlike he seems to me.
He hears thy words' sweet charming grace,
Conversing joyously.

Thou laugh'st a laugh of pure delight;
But in my breast my heart
Violently flutters at thy sight:
No sound from me will start.

My tongue is lamed, a fiery glow
My limbs completely sears;
My eyes see nothing, rumblings low
Play havoc in my ears.

Sappho

Hot perspiration downward drops,
And trembling seizes me.
I am ghastly pale, my life-blood stops,
Near death I seem to be.

A VISION OF HERA

(3)

Thy beauteous form before me, it did seem,
Appeared, O mistress Hera, in a dream,
As first, by fervent prayers called,
To Atreus' royal sons of old.

For when they Ares' work completed had,
From where the streams of the Scamander sped
They started hither for their home,
But first to Argos could not come,

Until they prayed to thee and Zeus thy lord,
And also Thyone's lovely child implored —
With incense-offerings even now
Their townsmen keep their ancient vow.

"DEATH IS ALL I WISH FOR ME"

(4)

Some god hath charmed us, Gongyle.
The children saw him visibly:
Hermes himself did to me come.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

I saw him not, yet said: "Ah, lord!
No pleasure can my wealth afford,
By the blessed mistress of my home.

"For death is all I wish for me,
And the dewy lotus-fields to see,
The meadows of Elysium."

WELCOME

(5)

You have come, you have come, to my great delight;
For I have longed for your welcome sight.
In my heart you have kindled again love's flame,
Which was burning even before you came.
So I wish you welcome and welcome once more,
And I wish you welcome o'er and o'er,
As long as the time you were absent before.

√ A REBUKE

(6)

To show me gratitude thou e'er refusest;
From beauteous words with seven-stringed lyres
allied,
From noble words to keep thy friends thou choosest,
And me reproachfully to aggrieve and chide.

Well, be it so! With insolence be sated.
Thou mayest allow with rage to swell thy heart.

But my contempt can never be abated
To fear the wrath of such as thou now art.

CHARAXUS AND DORICHA

(7)

Cypris! he found thee all too bitter,
And many a noisy taunt he earned:
"Him Doricha once more doth fetter,
And hath his love, for which she yearned."

PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF
CHARAXUS

(8)

Ye Nereids, nymphs revered, my brother,
I pray you, safely let return.
Grant also any wishes other,
All that for which his heart may yearn.

May all his old shortcomings leave him.
A joy unto his friends be he,
A terror unto those who grieve him,
No more a saddening care to me.

To honor his sister be he willing,
That she with grief be not imbued,
E'en now my shameful sorrows stilling,
With which my heart he had subdued.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

For his disgrace had penetrated
Far into me, my soul to blight:
To see my townsmen so elated
At intermittent gossip's spite.

But, if my song delighted ever
Thy heart, O goddess, hear my prayer:
From griefs, from evils us deliver;
Give them to Night away to bear.

SAPPHO'S DAUGHTER CLEIS

(9)

For me a pretty child I claim, ➞
With form like flowers of gold.
Belovèd Cleis is her name,
Admired by young and old.
Were lovely Lydia all my own,
It could not for her loss atone.

THE FAIREST THING IN ALL
CREATION

(10)

Some think the fairest thing in all creation
To be of horse or foot an armèd host;
For battle-ships some have most admiration,
But I my heart's beloved do cherish most.

And 'tis not hard to follow me for any;
For queenly Helen, fairest of the fair,

Sappho

Although surveying mortal beauties many,
Did most of all for her famed lover care.

Forgetting her dear parents and her daughter,
She followed him who glorious Troy destroyed.
Far from her friends and native land he brought her,
By vanity and passionate love decoyed.

For easily is woman tempted ever
When lightly she considers what is near.
E'en so, my Anactoria, you never
Remember her who still today is here.

But I her lovely foot-fall hear more gladly,
Prefer the brightness of her gleaming eye
To all the din of chariots rushing madly,
To Lydian armoured foot-men's battle-cry.

I know to men the best cannot be granted:
'Tis better far to ask a share of that
Which once was shared, to be with this contented,
Than, vainly reaching higher, to forget.

PARTING FROM A GIRL FRIEND

(11)

My heart is broken, silent my song,
In sad dejection for death I long:
She, mournfully weeping, did from me part.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

And often thus she me would address:

"Ah, me! what misery does us oppress!

To leave thee, my Sappho, it breaks my heart."

Then her I answered, gently caressing:

"Depart from me with my heart-felt blessing.

Remember me kindly, thou knowest my love.

"Far more than of parting think thou rather
Of the beautiful hours we have spent together.

Remember these aye, by the gods above.

"For many wreaths of violets blue,

Of basil-thyme, and of roses too,

Thy tokens of love, hast thou given to me.

"And fragrant garlands of flowers of spring

Thou wovest and to me often didst bring,

About me entwining them tenderly.

"And costly salves of sweet fragrance rare,

And royal balsam, to soften thy hair,

Didst thou on thy head pour frequently."

THE BRIDE OF SARDIS

(12)

In Lydia's golden city, gleaming Sardis,

With beauteous Arignota e'er my heart is,

And Atthis, oft she thinks of thee.

Sappho

She thinks of us of old together living,
Of how she, godlike honor to thee giving,
Did hear thy song with greatest glee.

But now among the Lydians she dwelleth,
And, like the moon at night, she there excelleth, ✓
Aye, like the rosy-fingered queen,

Which conquers all the stars, in radiance gleaming,
Across the briny Ocean brightly beaming,
And o'er the flowery meadow green.

Refreshing dew-drops leaves and flowers cover;
The gorgeous roses and the honeyed clover,
Anthriscus too is now in bloom.

But when she thinks of Atthis, gentle maiden,
Her heart with longing and with sorrow laden,
She anxiously about doth roam.

She loudly calls to us to follow thither.
In vain — for Night of Thousand Ears lets hither
No sound across the waters come.

TO GONGYLE

(13)

Ah, Gongyle! come here to me,
Clad in thy milk-white dress.
Now Love again doth flit near thee,
And showeth thy loveliness.

The very sight of the splendor bright
Of thy robe brought a thrill to thee;
But Cypris herself to my great delight
Is distraught with jealousy.

LESSER FRAGMENTS RELATING TO SAPPHO'S GIRL FRIENDS

ATTHIS

(14)

'Twas very, very long ago,
O Atthis, thou my love didst know.

(15)

A little child thou seemedst to me;
In thee could I no graces see.

(16)

To think of me, Atthis, is hateful to thee:
To Andromeda now hast thou flitted from me.

HERO

(17)

Hero, runner fleet, I taught,
Who from Gyara was brought.

ERANNA

(18)

Eranna, never yet, wherever I have been,
Have I than thee a more disdainful woman seen.

A COMPARISON

(19)

Though fair Gyrinno gentle be,
Far lovelier is Mnesidice.

TO DICE (MNESIDICE)

(20)

Put, O Dice, a wreath on thy beautiful tresses;
With thy delicate hands shoots of anise plait;
For a flower-covered maid by the blessed Graces
Is favored, but those without garlands they hate.

TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

(21)

Gently, gently mayest thou rest
On thy dear companion's breast.

IN THE BLOOM OF HER YOUTH

(22)

She now has reached her youthful bloom;
Her time for plaiting wreaths has come.

A GIFTED PUPIL

(23)

Of all the maidens fair for whom the sun doth rise,
Now and in times to come not one will be so wise.

A LOST PUPIL

(24)

Far more than I 'tis some one else
Whose love thy heart at present thrills.

(25)

But utterly
Forget'st thou me.

BRIDAL SONGS

THE BRIDEGROOM

(26)

Lift high the roof to give him room —

Hymenaeus.

Ye workmen, lift again —

Hymenaeus.

Like mighty Ares now doth come

The bridegroom taller than tall men.

Sappho

(27)

His rivals he outstrips with ease,
Like Lesbian bards those of all Greece.

(28)

To what, dear bridegroom, should I most rightly
thee compare?
I thee would best compare to a slender sapling fair.

THE BRIDE

(29)

Like the sweet apple which reddens, far up on the
high tree-top growing,
Up on the loftiest branch, scarce itself to the gath-
erers showing —
They rathermore could not reach it, e'en though
of it easily knowing.

(30)

Thy form, thy eyes are full of grace.
Thy honey-sweet, thy lovely face,
Of Aphrodite's love a token,
Hath to me of her favor spoken.

(31)

In all the world thou wouldst ne'er discover
Another maid like this, O lover.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

(32)

"Does it appear to thee
That I still a maid would be?"

MAIDENHOOD

(33)

"O maidenhood! O maidenhood! where hast thou
gone from me?"
"I nevermore, I nevermore, shall e'er come back
to thee."

THE BRIDAL DAY

(34)

The marriage thou hast desired
Is performed, O happy bridegroom;
The bride which thou hast admired,
Thine own has she now become.

FELICITATIONS

(35)

Good wishes give we to the bride,
And to the bridegroom at her side.

THE FATHER

(36)

The father said:
"We give this maid."

Sappho

THE PORTER

(37)

Seven fathoms long, the porter's feet
Five ox-hides for his shoes did need.
Ten cobblers worked them to complete.

THE UNWOODED MAIDEN

(38)

Just as the hyacinth purple, whose flowers on the
mountain are blooming,
Down on the ground is trod by the feet of the
shepherds home-coming.

VESPER

(39)

Evening, which bringest all things which the gleam-
ing Aurora has scattered,
The sheep and the goats thou bring'st home;
Thou the son to his mother let'st come.

ANDROMACHE'S WEDDING

(40-41)

"Now Hector and his comrades bring home An-
dromache,
The bright-eyed beauteous lady, across the briny sea

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Upon their ships from Thebe, from Placia's gushing streams.

Now gold in many a bracelet, now purple in raiments gleams;

Now many treasures bring they of fine embroidery, And countless silver vessels, and cups and ivory."

He spoke, and his dear father arose in breathless haste,

And through the spacious city the tidings traveled fast.

Straightway their mules the Trojans to wagons swift and strong

Yoked, as on them ascended the festive women's throng.

The slender-footed maidens all followed, while aside Were seated Priam's daughters, on pompous cars to ride.

The men yoked to the chariots the steeds, aye, all young men;

And then, while shouting loudly, the charioteers gave rein.

The elder women, shouting, did loudly all rejoice, And in the sweet clear paeon the men poured out their voice.

They called on the far-darter, whose lyre sounds gloriously,

To sing of god-like Hector and of Andromache.

A DIVINE WEDDING FESTIVAL

(42)

With ambrosia the mixer was filled to the brim.
With a flask to the immortals did Hermes pour in,
And they all from their goblets were pouring
libations.

To the bridegroom they proffered their felicitations.

LOVE'S TEMPEST

(43)

Like the tempest which falls on the mountain oaks, ✓
So Love stirs our hearts with violent strokes.

LOVE'S ATTACK

(44)

The bitter-sweet creature, invincible Love, ✓
My limbs set a-trembling, my heart doth move.

RESTLESS THROUGH LOVE

(45)

No longer, mother dear, can I ✓
Endure to work my wheel.
Through Aphrodite for that boy
Such longing do I feel.

MIDNIGHT SOLITUDE
(46)

The moon has left the heavens;
The Pleiades have set;
And at the hour of midnight
In solitude I fret.

TO A FRIEND
(47)

Come, my friend, before my face;
Show thine eyes' engaging grace.

TO ALCAEUS
(48)

If aught for honor or for right thou hadst cared,
Nor by thy tongue to ill hadst been constrained,
For modesty thou wouldst not have refrained,
But openly to speak for right thou hadst dared.

A REFUSAL
(49)

A friend of thee I'll ever be,
But win thyself a younger bride.
My greater age refuses me
That always I with thee abide.

Sappho

ANOTHER

(50)

I'll marry never,
A maid be ever.

SAPPHO'S FALSE FRIENDS

(51)

Those whom I serve with all my might
With base deception me requite.

SAPPHO'S ENEMIES AND RIVALS

A CURSE

(52)

Far from his course may winds him bear,
And may he be oppressed with care.

ANDROMEDA

(53)

What boorish creature see I there,
With finery her rudeness veiling,
Who doesn't e'en know how to wear
Her robe behind her ankles trailing?

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

(54)

A glorious return
Andromeda did earn.

GORGON

(55)

She who Gorgo once did love
Has of her more than enough.

THE CHILD OF POLYANAX

(56)

To the child of Polyanax I
Bid a hearty and long good-bye.

TO A RICH BUT UNEDUCATED
WOMAN

(57)

When grim death thy eyelids closes,
Then shall no one for thee care;
For of the Pierian roses
Thou hast failed to earn a share.

No, for thee there will be no wailing:
Unbelovèd and unknown,
Wilt thou go to Hades' dwelling
When thy shade has downward flown.

SAPPHO TO HER LYRE

(58)

Come now, tortoise-shell divine,
Tuneful powers of speech be thine.

SPURIOUS FRAGMENT TO THE MUSE

(59)

Teach me, I pray, O Muse enthroned in gold,
Delightful songs like that famed singer old,
The bard of Teos, sang, whose lyre
Fair Tean women did inspire.

SAPPHO THE PUPIL OF THE
MUSES

(60)

To me they bounteous honor brought;
To me their heavenly arts they taught.

SAPPHO ON HER GENIUS

(61)

It seems to me, it would not lack much
But that the heavens I would touch.

HER HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

(62)

In future ages, I am sure,
Our memory will still endure.

SAPPHO'S SONG FOR HER
GIRL FRIENDS

(63)

For the maidens to whom I'm by friendship bound,
For their pleasure this beautiful song shall resound.

HER LOYALTY TO HER
GIRL FRIENDS

(64)

Whose honor e'er is steadfast found,
To you by eternal ties I am bound.

SAPPHO'S TEMPERAMENT

(65)

I have not a malignant mind,
But gentle as a child and kind.

(66)

In me doth burn the fire
Of longing and desire.

SAPPHO'S TASTES

(67)

In dainty luxury I delight;
I love the beauteous sun-beam bright.

SAPPHO ON HER DEATH-BED TO
HER DAUGHTER

(68)

Nay, uttering dirges in the Muses' seat
We suffer not; for us that were not meet.

GNOMÆ AND PROVERBIAL
EXPRESSIONS

KEEP GUARD ON THY TONGUE

(69)

When seized by passion's angry lure,
A chattering tongue do not endure.

BEAUTY

(70)

The fair are beautiful alone for sight;
But beauteous too are those who follow right.

WEALTH

(71)

Mere wealth with virtue not allied
I scarce would welcome at my side.

EMPTY PRIDE

(72)

Don't plume thyself upon a thing
Of no more worth than is a ring.

THE RUBBLE-STONE

(73)

The rubble-stone
Leave thou alone.

NO HONEY FOR ME

(74)

No honey be for me;
For me no honey-bee.

OVERFOND MOTHERS

(75)

Though Gello children doth adore,
Yet loveth she them even more.

DEATH AN EVIL

(76)

The gods have judged: an evil 'tis to die.
If good it were, Death would not pass them by.

SAPPHO'S LOVE OF NATURE

THE MOON AND THE STARS

(77)

Around the full moon's silver face,
When brightest it doth beam,
And when its orb is all ablaze,
The stars conceal their gleam.

THE EVENING-STAR

(78)

Of all the stars this star
Most beauteous is by far.

A DELIGHTFUL SPOT

(79)

Cool water trickles from above ✓
Through apple-trees.
Sleep stealeth from their leaves, which move
In the murmuring breeze.

CHICKPEAS

(80)

Golden chickpeas, brightly glowing,
On the sandy shore were growing.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

DOVES

(81)

At ebbtide is their life's chilled flow ;
Their feathered wings are drooping low.

THE NIGHTINGALE

(82)

The lovely harbinger of spring,
The nightingale, sweet strains doth sing.

THE SWALLOW

(83)

What is the message with which thou dost come,
O lovely swallow, daughter of Pandion?

SAPPHO AND APHRODITE

INVOCATION

(84)

Come, Cypris, to our banquet,
With golden cups come here ;
Pour out the gleaming nectar,
Bring us luxuriant cheer.

"COME TO THY WORSHIPPERS"

(85)

To Cyprus now do thou thy presence give ;
May Paphus or Panormus thee receive.

Sappho

A SACRIFICE

(86)

Accept upon thy altar a snow-white goat from me.
Upon it a libation of wine I'll pour to thee.

A PRAYER

(87)

O Aphrodite, crowned with gold,
May I this glorious lot behold.

"LISTEN TO MY DREAM"

(88)

Her who was in Cyprus born,
Of our dream did we inform.

APHRODITE TO SAPPHO

(89)

Why, O Sappho, call'st thou ever
Aphrodite, blessing-giver?

(90)

Sappho, 'tis not only you,
But my servant Eros too.

TO APHRODITE'S STATUE

(91)

The purple scarf wilt thou dishonor,
Which ornaments thy comely hair;
Which from Phocaea sent its donor,
To thee a costly present rare.

APHRODITE'S MAID

(92)

Aphrodite's maid behold,
Gleaming brightly, just as gold.

ADONIS IS DEAD

(93)

Beauteous Adonis is dead. Cytherea, what shall
we do?
"Maidens, beat wildly your breasts, and your garments
be rent in two."

TO THE MUSES

(94)

Muses, hither come;
Leave your golden home.

TO THE MUSES AND THE GRACES

(95)

Fair-haired Muses, beauteous Graces,
Hither come, accept my praises.

TO THE GRACES

(96)

Ye with arms of rosy bloom,
Beauteous Graces, hither come.

(97)

Hither come, ye Graces, know:
My heart fluttered long ago.

DAWN

(98)

To me the golden-sandalled Dawn
Just now her glorious light has shown.

LEDA'S FIND

(99)

An egg with hyacinth twined around,
'Tis said, by Leda once was found.

ARES AND HEPHAESTUS

(100)

By his own might could he, Ares doth say,
Easily carry Hephaestus away.

HERMES (?)

(101)

Downward from the heavens he sped,
In a purple mantle clad.

NIGHTLY WORSHIPPERS

(102)

The women, while brightly the full moon gleamed,
As though standing around an altar seemed.

CRETAN DANCES

(103)

Around the altar the maidens of Crete
In their graceful dances time did beat.

A DANCE ON THE LAWN

(104)

Upon the soft bloom of the sod
And delicate flowers the maidens trod.

A FAIR LITTLE MAID

(105)

A fair little maiden, as fair as can be,
A-gathering flowers one day I did see.

A COMPARISON

(106)

The harp can ne'er so sweetly sound,
Nor gold can thus in gold abound.

LYDIAN DYES

(107)

Her feet fine leather, richly dyed,
The work of Lydia, did hide.

A SOFT CUSHION

(108)

Upon a cushion velvety
My limbs I lay down wearily.

FINE COVERS

(109)

Covers rough though delicate
Over him with care he laid.

THE GLOOM OF NIGHT

(110)

Upon their eyes did now alight
Black and ugly gloom of night.

DOUBT

(111)

No inkling have I what to do;
My thoughts are surely cleft in two.

I FLUTTER LIKE A CHILD

(112)

Like a child behind its mother,
Even so do I now flutter.

I NEED NO ADVICE

(113)

This I myself
Know without help.

EPIGRAMS ATTRIBUTED TO
SAPPHO

AETHOPIA

(114)

Children, if some one should ask, though speech-
less, thus should I answer,
Through an untiring speech, written in front
of my feet:
I am to Leto's maiden, Aethopia, set up by Arista,
Hermocles' child, son of Saynaïades.
Be thou, O mistress of women, propitious to her,
thy true servant,
And on those of our blood do thou thy praises
bestow.

TIMAS

(115)

This is the dust of Timas, who died before she was
married,
And by Persephone was in her dark chamber re-
ceived;
But even though she was dead, with iron recently
whetted,
All her companions her hair made a delight to
behold.

PELAGON

(116)

Basket and oar by his father Meniskus is here dedi-
cated,
Showing how Pelagon lived, wretched like all
fishermen.

ALCAEUS

Next to Sappho, but by no means equal to her, was her older contemporary Alcaeus, a name linked with hers on the one hand by the common literary interests of two lyric poets living at the same time and place, on the other hand, by a personal connection which is shown by the ode which Alcaeus addressed to Sappho (no. 20). His family also belonged to the old Lesbian aristocracy, and most of what we know concerning his life is centered around the struggles of his native city Mytilene. He fought with his townsmen against the Athenians for the colony Sigeum in the Troad, and it was here that he lost his shield in flight from the victorious enemy, as Archilochus had done before him and Anacreon after him. The Athenians then hung it up as a trophy in the temple at Sigeum, and Alcaeus related the incident in an ode addressed to his friend Melanippus. Later, when an inconclusive peace was made, we find him addressing an ode to this same friend (no. 38), exhorting him to resign himself to peace and not to attempt the impossible.

By far the greater part of Alcaeus' life, however, was pervaded by the incessant civil strife in which

his native city was engaged. The oppressive misrule of the oligarchs and subsequent usurpation of power by tyrants led to one revolt after another, and Alcaeus, a reckless and zealous partisan of the aristocrats, fiercely hated his opponents with all the fire of his Aeolic temperament. First his bitter attacks were directed against Melanchrus (no. 27). When he was assassinated, Myrsilus succeeded to Alcaeus' hate together with the tyranny (nos. 25, 26), and when he too was murdered, the poet burst into wild strains of jubilation (no. 9). Finally, when conditions had become unendurable, the wise and kind Pittacus was appointed *aisymnetes*, i. e. temporary dictator, to heal the wounds of the exhausted state, and Alcaeus was more exasperated than ever. While pouring out upon him a never-ending stream of abuse for various reasons (nos. 28-35), he seems to have been most angered by the notion that Pittacus was of "low-born" origin, was an "upstart"—it was not that the former tyrants were hated as enemies of liberty, but common people as well as tyrants were alike obnoxious to the violent partisan of the nobility and the champion of the tyranny of the few. It was probably after Pittacus had come to power that Alcaeus and his brother Antimenides had to go into exile. The latter took service under Nebuchadnezzar in

Alcaeus

Babylonia and was honored with a prize of an ivory-hilted sword, which he had received for slaying a gigantic warrior (no. 39), while Alcaeus wandered to various places including Egypt. Finally Pittacus allowed him to return to Mytilene with the famous comment "Forgiveness is better than vengeance," and fragment no. 17 seems to be the words of an old man who feels that his struggles are over and that he may expect to die at home in peace.

The poetry of Alcaeus, like Sappho's, distinctly mirrors the circumstances under which he lived, as well as his own character, and so we find great similarities as well as great differences between the two Lesbian poets. The subjective and passionate nature of their song, the use of their home Lesbian dialect, and many of their metrical forms were common to both; but their spheres of interest were widely divergent. Sappho's whole life as well as her poetry centers around the passion of love; but Alcaeus, although he also wrote love songs (nos. 18-24), does not sparkle particularly here. Neither were his hymns to the gods (e.g. nos. 49-52) ever considered as part of his best or most interesting work. It was his warlike and political career and his reckless gaiety and love of drinking-bouts that inspired his most characteristic poe-

try. The ancients thought most of his political songs, but probably rather because of their historical and personal interest than because of their literary merit. In this respect his drinking-songs undoubtedly take first place. This theme he treats with so great a variety and such a picturesque background from nature as well as events in human life as to arouse interest ever anew. The many different motives for drink which appear in his poems have often been commented upon: summer or winter or spring, daylight or night, joy or sadness, all were made an excuse for carousing. Wine is to drown one's cares and to help celebrate one's good fortune; it warms one's blood in winter and cools in summer. And yet Alcaeus was not a mere tippler; for he counsels moderation and warns against the effect of too much (nos. 14, 15).

Just as Alcaeus was contrasted with Sappho in his subject matter, so in his style. Instead of Sappho's light and airy grace and glorious imagination, we find in him a heavy and sometimes ponderous stateliness and dignity and grandeur. An ancient writer also praised his figures of speech, but the extant remnants show such a sparing use of them, that we would not consider them in any way characteristic.

Of Alcaeus also, as of Sappho, new fragments

Alcaeus

are being found from time to time among the Egyptian papyri, those in a comparatively good state of preservation being translated below (nos. 6, 15, 31, 33, 36-38, 48, 49, 69).

DRINKING SONGS

IN WINTER

(1)

Now Zeus sends rain; a powerful wintry blast
Blows down from heaven; the streams are freezing
fast.

Strike down the winter, piling up the wood
To feed the fire, and let us warm our blood
With honeyed wine profuse, while thou, I pray,
Beneath our heads soft cushioned pillows lay.

IN SUMMER

(2)

Come, wet thy chest with wine: the dog-star now
Is rising high, the oppressive sultry glow
Of summertime brings parching thirst to all.
Now from the leaves the locust its loud call,
Its sweet shrill song, pours out from 'neath its
wings.

The blazing heat, which withereth all things,
O'er all the earth is spread; the blooming thistle
Holds up its head; now womankind doth bristle
With passion most, and man is haggard worn;
For Sirius his head and limbs doth burn.

IN SPRING

(3)

I heard that flowery spring
Its glories about is to bring.
Mix therefore wine with great speed,
A bowl full, as honey sweet.

IN THE AFTERNOON

(4)

Let us drink — do not tarry till night.
Why wait for the lamp's pale light?
But a brief span of life is a day.
My dear friend, let us drink while we may.
The large figured cups from above
Take down; for the son of Jove
And of Semele wine gave to man
To release him from misery's ban.
Do thou therefore mix two and one:
O'er the brim so it almost doth run,
For us all one large goblet fill,
And then come with another one still.

AT NIGHT

(5)

Let us drink, let us drink, let us drink;
For the dog-star is up o'er the brink.

ON THE STORMY SEA
(6)

Her cargo all is cast into the waters,
To save the ship perchance; yet now she totters,
Struck by a loudly thundering wave,
Which fills with terror e'en the brave.

No more to struggle against the stormy weather,
The savage tempest, she desires, but rather
To founder on the hidden reefs —
Thus mountain-high the Ocean heaves.

This to forget, my friend, wish I — 'tis better
In thy glad company my cares to scatter.
Of love and friendship let us think,
And honeyed wine with Bacchus drink.

IN GRIEF
(7)

Nay, give not up to grief, it profits nothing,
Nor do we remedy our ills by loathing.
O Bacchus, best our cares to still
It is to drink of wine our fill.

CHEER UP
(8)

Come, cheer up. Drink this cup.

REJOICE! THE TYRANT IS DEAD

(9)

Now shall we drink our fill;
Now in carousal mad
Drench ourselves with a will:
Now is Myrsilus dead.

THE VINE FIRST OF ALL

(10)

Before the vine no other tree
Or shrub do thou set out for me.

NOT FASTIDIOUS

(11)

The wine they drink now honey-sweet, now worse
And sharper is than are the prickly burrs.

WINE A MIRROR

(12)

For wine for men
A mirror is, themselves to ken.

WINE AND TRUTH

(13)

Ever wine, dear boy,
Doth the truth decoy.

WINE'S STING

(14)

He thinks that he is then most blessed
When he at drinking is the best.
Yet though sweet wine his heart delight,
Its curse rebounds with twofold might:
His head weighed down with heaviness,
He chides his soul and does confess
Repentance in his grief. Not then
"Drink, drink!" is still a pleasing strain.

✓ CEASE DRINKING! SEIZE THE
RUDDER!

(15)

Pray, mix no more into the bowl, but know
That I dislike to have thee labor so,
Singing, carousing, gaily drinking,
As though all parched, of naught else thinking.

Why do we let the wintry morning breeze
Sweep ever idly o'er the glistening seas?
Would that a ship we quickly boarded,
Cutting it loose from where we moored it.

Then would we joyously the rudder seize,
And then the sail-yards turn to front the breeze,
Merrily thus forgetting evils —
Far better 'tis than boisterous revels.

WREATHS AND MYRRH

(16)

Around our necks may some one lay
Fresh wreaths of fragrant anise plaited;
And some one down our breasts, I pray,
Pour ointment sweet with perfume sated.

MYRRH FOR OLD AGE

(17)

Upon this head oppressed with miseries sore
And down this aged breast sweet ointment pour.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

IN LOVE

(18)

I have fallen into Cypris' hands,
And am now obeying her commands.

A SERENADE

(19)

Accept, accept my serenading;
Pray, listen, listen to my pleading.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

TO SAPPHO

(20)

O violet-tressed Sappho chaste,
O maid with honeyed smile!
I fain would tell what is in my breast,
Did shame me not beguile.

TO CRINO

(21)

Crino, the beautiful Graces
Received thee in their embraces.

THE VIOLET-GIRDLED MAID

(22)

Sing and celebrate
The violet-girdled maid.

MENON

(23)

Some one call Menon, charming boy,
If I the drinking shall enjoy.

IN THE BLOOM OF HIS YOUTH

(24)

To thy presence having come,
Sharing now thy youthful bloom.

POLITICAL SONGS

THE SHIP OF STATE UNDER
MYRSILUS

(25)

The winds' fierce strife I understand no longer;
The rolling billows e'er are towering stronger,
Now here, now there. We, tempest-tossed,
In the black ship between are lost.

The fury of the storm our limbs is chilling,
The ship with water to the mast-hole filling.
Great rifts in every sail are torn,
To shreds our slackening cables worn.

(26)

Now comes a wave o'ertopping those before,
Upon the ship its waters piling o'er.
And we to bail must labor evermore.

A LATER TYRANT COMPARED
WITH MELANCHRUS

(27)

Thy treatment of our city is worthy of respect,
Melanchrus, when one sees how he doth us affect.

PITTACUS IN POVERTY

(28)

Even thistles thou now must taste.
Howe'er, for Arcadians 'tis no disgrace.

A WARNING AGAINST PITTACUS

(29)

That man who now is reaching out for greatest
 might
Will soon the state o'erturn — the danger is at its
 height.

PITTACUS' LAST MOVE

(30)

From its line his last piece, untouched before,
He has moved, and thus has prevailed once more.

PITTACUS IN POWER

(31)

At every drinking-bout does he carouse,
And silly triflers feasting fill his house.
Well, let him boast in his exultant pride
That he from Atreus' lineage won his bride.
As he devoured the state with Myrsilus,
So let him now, until success to us
By Ares be restored, and we again
Relax our wrath and soul-consuming pain,

And our intestine strife, stirred up 'mongst us
By some Olympian god: to Pittacus
He gave the glory he to see did lust,
But on our people mournful ruin thrust.

PITTACUS THE UPSTART

(32)

The low-born upstart Pittacus they made
The tyrant of our spineless wretched state.
To him they all together homage paid.

PITTACUS' ANCESTRY

(33)

They boisterously fill each cup
With unmixed wine the whole day long.
At night their blustering crowds turn up
Where often they are wont to throng.

Since first this fellow came on top,
These customs never he forgot;
For every night did he bob up.
Then clanged the bottom of the pot.

From such forefathers did you come,
And yet you have an equal fame
With freemen from a noble home,
Who from the noblest parents came.

PITTACUS AND DINOMENES

(34)

Thou, sitting by Dinomenes,
A cup art drinking to its lees.

PITTACUS' ARSENAL

(35)

For Hyrrhas' son and Dinomenes still
Do gleaming arms the Myrrhineum fill?

AN ATTEMPTED BARGAIN

(36)

The Lydians, father Zeus, did make advances
To us, two thousand staters they would pay,
To undertake, in case of circumstances,
Into the sacred city to make our way.

Between us so far there was no connection;
No favor had we yet received or known.
But, like a cunning fox, he thought detection
To escape when he the ease of it had shown.

INSOLENCE OF THE OPPONENTS

(37)

Insolent crimes these men committed:
None of them could be endured.
Yet we often were defeated
Ere our victory was assured.

RESIGN THYSELF TO PEACE,
MELANIPPUS

(38)

Ah, Melanippus, why dost thou lament to me?
How canst thou think once more the sun's pure
light to see,
When over Acheron's whirling stream thou wilt
have crossed?
Come, seek not after lofty things: recall the boast
Of Aeolus' son, King Sisyphus, of men most sly,
Who thought to him alone death never would come
nigh.
Yet he, for all his cunning, met his fate at last:
The second time he Acheron's whirling river passed,
The mighty son of Cronos in the world below
Imposed on him a heavy task of grievous woe.

TO ANTIMENIDES

(39)

From the end of the world thou hast just returned,
And an ivory-hilted sword hast thou earned,
A sword which is all overlaid with gold,
A magnificent prize for thy labors bold,
Which by Babylon's men was given to thee;
For thou from their troubles thine allies didst free.
Thou slewest a royal warrior, a man
To be five ells tall lacking only a span.

ALCAEUS' ARMORY

(40)

Its whole large hall with bronze is brightly beaming,
Its roof bedecked with flashing helmets gleaming,
Grim tools of war. White crests of horses' hair
Nod at their tops, a treasured pride to wear
For warriors on their heads. Upon each wall
The pegs by flashing greaves are hidden all,
Against swift darts a brazen bulwark strong,
And by new linen corslets, and a throng
Of curvèd shields and of Chalcidian blades,
Tunics, and belts, and other warlike aids.
These can we not forget and e'er must heed,
Since once we undertook this martial deed.

LESSER MARTIAL FRAGMENTS

THE STATE'S TOWER OF STRENGTH

(41)

A tower of strength for every state,
So are its mighty warriors great.

DEATH IN BATTLE

(42)

Who dies in war,
His lot is fair.

THE TERROR OF THE ENEMY

(43)

They crouched before him as small birds do,
When an eagle suddenly comes in view.

A PRAYER FOR VICTORY

(44)

Immortal gods, we pray that ye
Grant to us the victory.

THE GOD OF WAR

(45)

Thee, Ares, we revere,
Through whom comes murderous fear.

ACHILLES

(46)

Achilles, thou who dost command
O'er those who dwell in the Scythian land.

AJAX

(47)

O Ajax, gallant scion of Cronos' royal son,
Achilles only greater fame than thou hast won.

HELEN AND THETIS

(48)

To Priam and all his sons a bitter end
Because of evil deeds the gods did send.
O Helen, thou didst cause their ire,
Which sacred Troy laid low with fire.

Not like to thee that beauteous maiden was,
Led homeward by the son of Aeacus
From Nereus' halls to Chiron's home,
Whither all blessed gods had come.

Invited guests, they to the wedding thronged,
For which the noble Peleus' heart had longed,
The blissful union with the maid,
Who was the fairest Nereid.

Within a year the hero of greatest might
Was born, who knew the tawny steeds to guide.
But, battling for Helen in the fray,
Phrygians and city ruined lay.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX

(49)

Come hither, ye mighty sons of Zeus
And Leda; Olympus leave behind,
Your flashing home. With gladsome mind,
Castor and Pollux, appear to us.

Alcaeus

Ye who traverse the whole expanse
Of the earth and over the spacious seas
On your swift-footed steeds, ye save with ease
All men whom to meet chill Death did chance.

On the tops of the well-benched ships ye leap,
Gleaming afar in the murky night.
As ye land on its cables ye bring a light
To the swift black ship which sails o'er the deep.

TO APOLLO

(50)

To thee, Apollo, glorious king,
Son of mighty Zeus, I sing.

TO HERMES

(51)

O ruler of Cyllene, hail. My lyre
Doth me to celebrate thy birth inspire,
How Maea, on hallowed mountain-tops adored,
Met Cronos' son, the universal lord.

TO ATHENA

(52)

Athena, hail, dread war-sustaining queen,
Thou who on Coronea's meadows green
Before the temple tarriest ever,
Alongside the Coralius River.

TO ATHENA

(53)

O goddess, thou our scattered host of men
Inspire with courage and collect again.

ATHENA

(54)

May thy maiden lead,
To complete this deed.

EROS

(55)

Most dreaded him of all the gods
Did sandalled Iris bear.
His father was wild Zephyrus,
With locks of golden hair.

POSIDON

(56)

Posidon at that time not yet
The briny sea had in commotion set.

THE NYMPHS

(57)

From Aegis-bearing Zeus, they ween,
The fair Nymphs trace their origin.

HEPHAESTUS (?)

(58)

Not one Olympian god but he
Could us from these our troubles free.

GNOMÆ AND PROVERBIAL
EXPRESSIONS

BEWARE OF THE RUBBLE-STONE

(59)

If thou from gravel and loose silt
Wilt move a stone wherewith to build,
If then thou showest no proper care,
Of injury to thy head beware.

MONEY MAKES THE MAN

(60)

Aristodemus once upon a time, they say,
In Sparta spoke the following saying wise:
“ 'Tis money makes the man,” and truly: no one
may,
If he be poor, to honor and influence rise.

POVERTY

(61)

A grievous evil hard to endure is Poverty,
With Sister Helplessness all crushing easily.

NOTHING FROM NOTHING

(62)

With nothing naught
Is ever bought.

GUARD THY TONGUE

(63)

If thou speak'st all that thou mightst desire,
Thou wilt hear what thou mightst not admire.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

(64)

To those of us who are near thee never
To cause vexation thou endeavor.

WOE TO THE MAIMED

(65)

The deaf, the maimed, the lame, the blind,
These does vexation always find.

COWARDICE

(66)

In the breast of a deer
Noise is replete with fear.

THE SWINE BRISTLES

(67)

The swine again a little
Doth with excitement bristle.

THE ROCK OF TANTALUS

(68)

Aesimides, a mighty rock
Over our heads our way doth block.

A FRIEND WORTHY OF HOSPITALITY

(69)

A fine porker and kid to a friend like thee
To serve, is a custom kept up by me.

AN ANCIENT STORY

(70)

Thus, you know, the story goes,
From our fathers which arose.

TO THE LIMPET

(71)

O limpet, daughter of the sea
And of the hard precipitous rocks,
Thou puffest up with vanity
The young, whose empty pride us shocks.

NO NEED OF WITNESSES

(72)

I need no witnesses to show
All this which by myself I know.

OBSTINACY

(73)

E'en though from somewhere else he came,
Thou wouldst say from yonder all the same.

DAZED

(74)

Completely he befogged his mind
And did him of his senses blind.

FORLORN

(75)

I am all forlorn;
For my friends I mourn.

A WOMAN'S MISERY

(76)

Ah, me! how wretchedly I fare;
Of every ill I have a share.

Alcaeus

RELIEF

(77)

Thou from my grief
Gavest me relief.

A DISGRACE TO THE FAMILY

(78)

For thy house thou now hast caused
All its honor to be lost.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

(79)

He from ruin them defended
When their lives seemed well-nigh ended.

BLESSED WHO WIN YOU

(80)

Those who have won you at the gods' behest,
Their lot for all eternity is blessed.

ONLY THE NOBLE

(81)

You as well as we,
Whoever noble be.

MIGRATING DUCKS

(82)

From the ends of the earth and the Ocean
Came these birds in violent commotion.
They are ducks with bright-colored rings
On their necks and far-stretched wings.

AUTUMN'S BLOOM

(83)

The delicate bloom
Which doth in tender autumn come.

GENTLE WINDS

(84)

Blasts not by winter chilled,
But gentle winds and mild.

BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SKY

(85)

The parts that far above us lie,
Between the earth and snowy sky.

THE COTTABUS GAME

(86)

Many splashing drops
Fly from Tean cups.

PYTHERMUS

Pythermus of Teos, a countryman and predecessor of Anacreon, is said by Athenaeus to have introduced the Ionian key. He is mentioned as being chiefly a composer of drinking-songs (skolia). The following fragment is quoted as being from him:

Nothing then was all the rest;
Gold showed itself by far the best.

ANACREON

The third and last greater poet among the Greek monodists was Anacreon of Teos, an Ionian city on the coast of Asia Minor. The first part of his life was contemporaneous with the reign of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, the attacks of whose satrap Harpagus on the Greek cities of the coast (545 B. C.) caused a general emigration of Teans to Abdera in Thrace, and among them was Anacreon. During his stay here is to be placed his military life, from which he won little glory — he too, like Alcaeus, lost his shield in flight, and jestingly mentions the fact in an ode (no. 47). From here he accepted the invitation of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, to come to his brilliant court, and there he remained in high favor until the murder of Polycrates by the Persian satrap Oroetes (522 B. C.). That Anacreon owed his popularity not only to his ability to entertain the tyrant and his frivolous court by his light and graceful song, but also had a deeper influence, is shown by his presence, recorded by Herodotus, at the interview between the tyrant and the envoy of Oroetus. From Samos Anacreon was pompously taken to Athens in

a galley at the order of the tyrant Hipparchus. After he too had been assassinated, Anacreon probably went to Thessaly to the court of the Aleuadae, at any rate fragment 94 seems to imply residence there. The end of his life came in his native city Teos, if we may trust epigrams of Theocritus and Simonides which presuppose his tomb at that place. He was fully eighty-five years at the time of his death, which, the legend declares, came to him from choking on a dried grape — evidently an invention, since the same thing is also reported of Sophocles.

In form and subject matter Anacreon was closely related to Alcaeus and Sappho. As they had used the Lesbian dialect for their Lesbian audience, so Anacreon wrote in the Ionic of his home for the amusement of the Ionic court of Samos. The principal burden of his song was love, the theme of Sappho, and wine, the chief subject of Alcaeus. Not, however, the *passion* of love, as the Lesbian poetess, nor was there any real impetuosity comparable to that of Alcaeus in his drinking-songs. With Anacreon both were merely pastime — he worships the fleeting pleasure of the moment, and consequently there is a want of depth and sincerity in all of his work. When e. g. he claims that he is about to throw himself down from the

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Leucadian cliff in the frenzy of his love (no. 8), it is evident that he does not wish to be taken seriously. While at the court of Polycrates, he sang chiefly of the beauties of the court favorites, e. g. the luxurious-haired boy Smerdies (no. 14), the bright-eyed Cleobulus (nos. 11-13), and the blond maiden Eurypyle (no. 59). Sometimes he was expressing not his own admiration, but that of his patron, whose point of view he has also adopted when he blames Smerdies himself for cutting off his hair, though in reality it was the result of his falling into disfavor with Polycrates. The very atmosphere in which he lived thus prevented Anacreon from singing freely of his own impulses and passions. Moreover, the light and often frivolous character of his poetry was exactly what the light-minded courtiers could appreciate, so that Anacreon is the court poet par excellence. Not depth of thought or feeling, but simplicity and grace and polish are his principal characteristics.

Anacreon, the gay poet of love and wine, who continued to his old age to think of nothing but pleasure, with an occasional passing regret that this could not go on forever (no. 48), soon became a conventional figure, and gave his name to whole schools of poets of similar trend (cf. e. g. the *Anacreontea*, p. 111, and modern *Anacreontic poetry*).

However, his poetic interests and his abilities were not quite so narrow as would appear from his reputation. First, we have from him a few fragments of hymns to the gods, but these are nothing more than new settings for his love poetry (cf. no. 11). Then there are a few fragments of a patriotic or martial content (nos. 50-58), besides remnants of elegies (nos. 89-91), epigrams (nos. 92-107), and iambics (e. g. nos. 63, 66). He was, in fact, a follower of Archilochus as well as of Alcaeus and Sappho, and a number of fragments show that he was able also to use the bitter shafts of Satire (e. g. no. 60). However, in all of this he is easily outdistanced by others—in the poetry of pleasure he reigned supreme.

TO ARTEMIS

(1)

Huntress of stags, hear thou my prayer,
Daughter of Zeus with golden hair,
Artemis, mistress of wild deer,
Come thou to the Lethaeus River.

And to the city of valiant men,
Joyful of heart, direct thy ken;
For not a wild and savage clan
Are the townsmen thou cherishest ever.

WINE, WOMAN, AND SONG

(2)

On honey-cake I first did dine,
Broke off a little piece,
And then I drank a jar of wine,
And then my harp did seize.
Now with its strains I serenade
My lovely friend, the pretty maid.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

EROS KING OVER ALL

(3)

Of beauteous Love I fain would sing,
Whose belt e'er teems with flowers.
To him the gods their homage bring;
He mortals overpowers.

EROS THE BRONZE-SMITH

(4)

'Tis a bronze-smith Eros is like;
For with mighty blows he doth strike
With á hammer, immerses me then
In a wintry torrent again.

EROS' DICE

(5)

Frenzy and tumult are the dice
With which dread Eros ever vies.

A BOUT WITH EROS

(6)

Bring water, boy, bring wine,
And flowers in wreaths entwine.
Come quickly; for I crave
With Love a bout to have.

RADIANT LOVE

(7)

Love for the maiden he doth admire,
Radiant and glad with longing desire.

THE ROCK OF LEUCAS

(8)

Down from the stony crag above,
The rock of Leucas, I shall leap,
And plunge into the hoary deep,
My heart aglow with frenzied love.

LOVE UNREQUITED

(9)

My airy pinions have I spread
On flight to heaven above,
Because of Eros; for the lad
Will not requite my love.

TOO OLD

(10)

And when my beard he did behold,
My aged grayish beard,
On breezy pinions bright as gold
He quickly disappeared.

**PRAYER TO DIONYSUS FOR
CLEOBULUS**

(11)

Lord, whose playmates are conquering Love,
And the fair Nymphs with eyes dark-blue,
And red-checked Aphrodite too,
Thou who hauntest the heights above.

Thou who high mountains dost frequent,
Thee I beseech, before our face
Come with thy kind, thy favoring grace,
To us our cherished wishes grant.

For Cleobulus, my dearest friend,
Mayest thou a kind adviser be;
And, Dionysus, do thou for me
To him my heart-felt love commend.

CLEOBULUS

(12)

To Cleobulus my love I gave,
For Cleobulus I madly rave,
At Cleobulus cast glances grave.

CLEOBULUS (?)

(13)

O boy, with glance like maidens fair,
I seek thy love in vain.
Thou knowest not or dost not care,
Yet o'er my soul dost reign.

TO SMERDIES

(14)

The splendid soft bloom off thou hast shorn,
The hair which did thy head adorn.

LEUCASPIS

(15)

A harp of twenty strings I play,
Which in my hands I hold;
And more, Leucaspis, day by day,
I am by thy youth enthralled.

SIMALUS

(16)

My eyes at Simalus happened to glance,
As he played his beautiful harp in the dance.

MEGISTES

(17)

Fully ten months have from us sped,
Since affable Megistes ever
With willow withes has crowned his head,
And drinking sweet must ceases never.

MEGISTES

(18)

I hate all men with manners stern,
As though from 'neath the earth they came;
But thou, Megistes, I did learn,
Art calm of mind and e'er the same.

PYTHOMANDRUS

(19)

And Pythomandrus once again
A refuge proved for me,
As he in former times had been,
When I from Love did flee.

ERXION

(20)

A cup I had, filled to the brink,
To white-necked Erxion to drink.

UNNAMED BOY FAVORITES

(21)

I long to enjoy myself with thee:
Thy charming manner pleases me.

(22)

For those slender thighs, my friend,
I this wine as pledge will spend.

(23)

A lovely boy thou art,
And dear to many a heart.

A LESBIAN MAIDEN

(24)

Once again with a purple sphere
Eros, god with the golden hair,
Strikes me and doth a challenge bear
 With a maid of brodered sandals to sport.

But she, who doth in Lesbos abide,
Well-built island, my hair doth chide,
Blaming me for its color white,
 While her gazing eyes another court.

A COY THRACIAN MAIDEN

(25)

Thracian filly, why so shyly
Dost thou glance and flee from me?
Knowest thou not my cunning wily,
Cruel maid, to capture thee?

Know full well, however wilful
Thou mayest be, yet that I know
How to bridle thee, am skilful
With the reins to make thee go.

Now, o'er meadows bounding ever,
Dost thou lightly sport and feed;
For not yet hast thou a clever
Rider who can guide a steed.

SPURN NOT OLD AGE, MAIDEN

(26)

Though I am old, yet maiden, to me listen,
Thou, beauteous-haired, whose robe with gold doth
glisten.

PAST THE PRIME OF LIFE

(27)

I am past the prime of life, a maid forlorn;
Loss of my charms I through thy passion mourn.

UNLOVED ASTERIS

(28)

O Asteris, I love thee not,
Nor has thy love Apelles sought.

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH

(29)

Like a cuckoo I
Do me from her hie.

WINE

THE CUP-BEARER

(30)

The maid sweet honeyed wine poured out;
With three-cupped jar she went about.

THE RIGHT MIXTURE

(31)

From a spotless jar pour in
Six parts wine, of water ten.

LET ME DRINK

(32)

Come now, boy, a jar bring in,
A deep draught to take;

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Ten cups water, five of wine
Pour, a pledge to make,
That, like Bacchus, mildly I
Into frenzy break.

MODERATION IN DRINK

(33)

Come now, do at last
Cease to roar and shout.
Do not drink so fast,
Stop that Scythian bout.
Rather let us drink with measure,
And in beauteous song find pleasure.

INTOXICATED

(34)

Since I am drunken now with wine, I pray,
Wilt thou not let me homeward wend my way?

THIRSTY

(35)

A friendly maid to strangers certainly art thou;
Since I am thirsty, wilt thou me to drink allow?

IN THE HALLS OF ZEUS

(36)

The high-roofed halls of Zeus resounded,
And with the violent roar rebounded.

THE DANCE OF THE MUSES

(37)

The beauteous-haired maidens of Zeus did commence
Nimble the gracefully figured dance.

MUSIC AND DANCE

(38)

Whom see I there? Whom meets my glance?
Who turns our thoughts to lovely youth?
Who to the three-holed flute doth dance,
Whose delicate notes our spirits soothe?

CLOVER GARLANDS

(39)

With plaited garlands of clover
Their necks and their breasts they did cover.

THREE WREATHS FOR EACH

(40)

Three wreaths to each man were given, with roses
two entwined,
The third made of papyrus, of the Naucratic kind.

THE FESTIVAL OF DIONYSUS

(41)

Over our eyes with parsley wreaths
Let us our brows enfold,
And then a cheerful festival
To Dionysus hold.

PERFUMED OINTMENT

(42)

How now? Upon thy wings thou art soaring,
Perfumed ointment downward pouring
Upon thy breast more hollow far
Than pipes of tuneful shepherds are.

ANACREON'S POPULARITY

(43)

Because of my words, because of my song
I am loved by the boys who about me throng;
For pleasant the songs I know to sing,
And pleasant the spoken words I bring.

ANACREON'S DESIRES

(44)

'Twere not worth while, to me it appears,
The horn of plenty to attain,
Not for one hundred fifty years
Would I o'er proud Tartessus reign.

ANACREON'S MODERATION IN LOVE

(45)

I am in love, and then again no love I have.
I am raving mad, and then again I do not rave.

ANACREON AND HIS TOWNSMEN

(46)

Neither steadfast, firm, nor kind
To my townsmen is my mind.

ANACREON'S SHIELD

(47)

Along the fair stream's banks through fright
I threw away my shield in flight.

ANACREON IN OLD AGE

(48)

My temples now with gray are sprinkled,
And on my head my hair is white;
My youth is gone, my forehead wrinkled,
My teeth have lost their lustre bright.
My closing years pass by in haste:
Soon I no more sweet life shall taste.

And now my eyes with tears are swelling,
Because dread Tartarus I fear;

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

For terrible is Hades' dwelling,
The journey downward sad and drear;
For up no more his way he wends,
Who once beneath the earth descends.

A SPRINKLING OF GRAY

(49)

When with white my dark-brown hair
Will be sprinkled here and there.

PATRIOTIC AND MARTIAL

TO ARISTOCLIDES

(50)

Aristocles, sadly I lament
Thee first of all, my brave and precious friend,
Of all the brave who their young lives have spent,
To save from slavery our fatherland.

WAR OF FACTIONS

(51)

Throughout our island men of factions join in fray,
And o'er our sacred city, Megistes, hold their sway.

RETURN TO THE FATHERLAND

(52)

Land of my fathers, suffering grievously,
Fulfilled will be my hope thee again to see.

THE RUINED CITY-WALL

(53)

And now the city's circling wall
In utter ruin low did fall.

A WARRIOR

(54)

The tearful spear
To him was dear.

ARES' FRIENDS

(55)

He who in battle steadfast stands
The esteem of impetuous Ares commands.

ON A CHARIOT

(56)

On a chariot by white horses drawn
Thou art whirling on and on.

CARIAN SHIELDS

(57)

Each through the holder of a shield
By Carians made his one hand held.

THE COURSE OF THE SPEAR

(58)

Through the midst of the neck went the spear
And the beautiful mantle did tear.

ANACREON IN SATIRE

EURYPYLE AND ARTEMON

(59)

Eurypyle the yellow-haired
For ill-famed Artemon has cared.

ARTEMON

(60)

In ragged dress attired before,
A wretched covering bound tight,
Wood ear-rings in his ears he wore,
Around his sides a worn ox-hide,

An unwashed cover of a shield.
Nor did the wretched Artemon,
A livelihood forlorn to yield,
The baker-women and harlots shun.

The stocks did often hold his neck,
And oft he on the wheel appeared.

Anacreon

A leather whip oft scourged his back,
And then they plucked his hair and beard.

And now the son of Cyce he,
On chariots rides, gold ear-rings wears;
A parasol of ivory
Like women in his hand he bears.

STRATTIS

(61)

Strattis I asked, the maker of perfumes rare,
Whether he now would leave unshorn his hair.

ALEXIS

(62)

Alexis bald of head
Now again would wed.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND

(63)

This is the chamber, not in which he wed,
But into wedlock let himself be led.

GASTRODORA

(64)

Don't babble like an Ocean wave,
Nor, drinking always without measure,
Drain thou the hearth-gods' cup for thine
And chattering Gastrodora's pleasure.

A BARBAROUS VOICE

(65)

Mayest thou to silence choose
That barbarous voice, O Zeus.

THE MILESIAANS

(66)

'Tis very, very long ago
Milesians did some daring show.

STORMY DECEMBER

(67)

December now himself doth show:
The clouds are weighted down with rain;
Now wintry storm-blasts fiercely blow,
And creak and roar with might and main.

THE FRIGHTENED FAWN

(68)

Gently like a frightened fawn
Newly born, a suckling tender,
Through the forest which doth wander,
When its hornèd mother is gone.

TO A SWALLOW

(69)

Charming swallow, let thy sound
Of sweet melody rebound.

HIDDEN REEFS

(70)

O'er reefs beneath the waters buried
By the swift wind my ship is carried.

MIDST LAUREL AND OLIVE

(71)

A waving back and forth there is seen
Midst dark-leaved laurel and olive green.

THE COTTABUS GAME

(72)

In the Sicilian cottabus he dashes
Out from his wrist the wine-drops with loud
splashes. -

GOOD AT QUOITS

(73)

Targelius says adroit
Art thou to pitch the quoit.

AT THE THALYSIA

(74)

In offering first-fruits of the harvest-yields
He mocks again those with the dark-blue shields.

PERSUASION

(75)

Nor had Persuasion, silver-gleaming,
Ever before on earth been beaming.

FEARLESS

(76)

Though with no bolt the double door he closes,
Yet he in peace and quietude reposes.

UNRELENTING

(77)

Unrelentingly
Didst thou act toward me.

A CHALLENGE

(78)

The one who likes to fight
May fight — it is his right.

DECEITFUL

(79)

A base deceiver he
Of us would gladly be.

STUNNED

(80)

And now my mind
Is stunned and blind.

DESPONDENCY

(81)

Would that I die: no other way I see
That ever might me from these troubles free.

DISHONORABLE

(82)

Dishonorable thus
It is nor like to us.

DEFAMED AMONG NEIGHBORS

(83)

Thou wilt give me an evil name,
And midst my neighbors me defame.

THE MISCHIEVOUS AND THE PORTER
(84)

With the porter at the door
The mischievous are at war.

MODEST STRANGERS
(85)

Ye seem like modest strangers who desire
No more than shelter and hospitable fire.

RETURNING FROM THE WASH
(86)

Up from the river everything
Gleaming and shining-white I bring.

LIKE A SPARTAN MAID
(87)

She, like a Spartan maid,
Aside her tunic laid.

MULES
(88)

Mules first by Mysian men, 'tis said,
Were from mare-covering asses bred.

ELEGIES

NOT MINE IS LOVE OF STRIFE OR
BATTLE

(89)

Him do I love not, who, at the wine-bowl sitting
and drinking,
Speaks of naught but strife, ever of tearful war
speaks,
But much more the one who mingles with gifts of
the Muses
Aphrodite's glad gifts, ever inspiring good cheer.

IN SPITE OF MYSELF

(90)

'Tis in no way to my liking, yet doubt I not to
await thee.

NO MORE VISITS

(91)

To that Thracian maid now no more visits I pay.

EPIGRAMS

AGATHON

(92)

Agathon, terribly mighty, who died for his city Ab-
dera,

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

All his townsmen bewailed, when they his body
did burn;
For no other young man like him by blood-thirsty
Ares
Ever yet has been slain in the dread eddies of war.

TIMOCRITUS

(93)

This is the tomb of the warrior Timocritus, mighty
in battle:
Ares the best never spared, but spared the cow-
ards far more.

AN OFFERING TO DIONYSUS

(94)

Me did set up Echekratides, the chieftain of Thes-
saly,
For thy sake, Dionys, and for the city's delight.

AN OFFERING TO HERMES

(95)

This of Calliteles is an ancient offering; his grand-
sons
Set it up in this place, whom he gave thanks in
return.

AN OFFERING TO THE GODS
(96)

Consecrated by Praxagoras, son of Lycaeus,
To the gods, these gifts by Anaxagoras were made.

AN OFFERING TO DIONYSUS
(97)

This Areiphilus' son, Melanthus, to Semele's
wreathed son
Dedicated, that he victory in dance might proclaim.

TO APOLLO
(98)

Zealously, silver-bowed god, to Aeschylus' son give
thy favor,
To Naucrates; these vows graciously from him
receive.

TO HERMES
(99)

Pray that to Timonax the gods' herald be e'er propitious,
He who appointed me here to this my glorious
place

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At the gates of the temple of Hermes, the lord,
 where receive I
In the gymnasium both townsmen and strangers
 alike.

TO HERMES

(100)

Grant, O son of Maea, to Tellias a life that is
 pleasant,
Giving this in return for lovely gifts which he
 gave;
Grant that he, 'mongst the Euonymes devoted to
 justice
Ever dwelling, might share of all the good things
 in life.

CLEENORIDES

(101)

Thee too, O son of Cleenor, thy love of thy father-
 land ruined,
When thou thyself didst entrust to the fierce win-
 try South-wind;
For the irresponsible storm overwhelmed thee; the
 billows
Cruelly washed away far the best part of thy life.

A CLOAK

(102)

By Prexidice made, this cloak was planned by Dys-
eris,
So that common to both was this their exquisite
skill.

PHIDOLES' HORSE

(103)

Here is set up this horse of Phidoles, from spacious
Corinth,
Offered to Cronos' son, telling of swiftness of
foot.

PYTHON'S SHIELD

(104)

By this shield protected from discordant battle, did
Python
Hang it up in this glebe, which to Athena belongs.

AN OFFERING TO DIONYSUS

(105)

She who has the wand, Heliconias, with her Xan-
thippe,
With her Glauce too, all from the mountain pro-
ceed;

And, as they come to the boisterous orgies, to Diony-
sus
Bring they ivy and grapes, and a large well-fat-
tened goat.

MYRON'S COW

(106)

Cowherd, thy herd keep away from here far distant,
so that thou
Drivest not away Myron's cow, as though alive,
with the herd.

MYRON'S COW

(107)

Not in a mould was cast the cow which Myron has
fashioned
With his own hand, but in bronze was it through
old age worked out.

ANACREONTEA

The Anacreontea are a collection of poems from the Roman and Byzantine periods which were attached to the Anthology of Constantinus Cephalas. They are imitations of the traditional Anacreon, Anacreon conceived as a light-hearted, jovial old man who had no other interests than love, wine, and song. The superscription in the manuscript claims Anacreon himself as author, and consequently they were accepted as genuine even as late as last century. In fact, the prevalent conception of that poet has come altogether from these imitations rather than the genuine fragments.

As long as the Anacreontea were supposed to have come from Anacreon himself, they received the most extravagant admiration and were lauded to the skies. Just so soon, however, as it was known that they were spurious, many went to the opposite extreme and found them all an absolute abomination. In reality, as is to be expected of a collection from the hands of different authors of different periods, their merit varies widely. Some, e. g. nos. 31 and 32, are perfectly worthy of Anacreon. Others, e. g. no. 13, are worse than worthless, coming in the

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category either of the grotesque or silly, or of mediocre insipidity.

The reasons for rejecting the genuineness of the *Anacreontea* are various. In the first place, some are attributed also to other writers, e. g. no. 5 to Julian, and others show that the author himself had no desire of palming off his work as Anacreon's. In no. 1 Anacreon appears to the author in a dream, in no. 58 we find an exhortation to imitate Anacreon, in no. 20 he is mentioned with Sappho and Pindar as one of three great lyric poets, apparently of the past, and in no. 14 there appear references to him which never could have been made by himself; for he appears surrounded by a sort of halo which shows that he had become a traditional figure. In the next place, there are references to conditions and circumstances which are much later than the time of Anacreon, e. g. Rhodian painters (no. 15), the Parthians (no. 26b), the Stoic philosophy that the sun feeds itself from the sea (no. 21), and the use of doves as letter-carriers (no. 14). On the other hand, references to the peculiar circumstances and persons which surrounded the real Anacreon are wanting. We see nothing of the court favorites like Smerdies or Cleobulus, only the shadowy name Bathyllus, with no reference to real personal traits or events. Furthermore, there are almost no traces

of imitation of the *Anacreontea* by Horace, although the real Anacreon shows his influence repeatedly. Similarly, they are quoted only twice by ancient writers, while from the real Anacreon some 170 quotations are found. To all this must be added differences in the general atmosphere, in dialect, and in meter; carelessness as to the latter showing distinctly that the later *Anacreontea* belong to a period when the old quantitative differences between the vowels had been wiped out.

The whole collection may be divided into three parts, comprising nos. 1-20, 21-34, and 35-60. In the first two there are some poems which may be as early as the first century B. C., and on the whole they are earlier than the third group, though some must be put as late as the Byzantine period, e. g. no. 4, an inferior imitation of no. 3. Both these groups seem to be characterized by a distinct striving for novelty of some kind, which here and there leads to pedantries and even ridiculous absurdities, e. g. nos. 5, 8, 12, 13. However, these attempts at displaying fancy went wrong particularly in the first group, while the writers of the second had better success. In the third group, there is very much less striving for novelty, and consequently these writers are saved from most of the absurdities found in the first. However, as a result of their

being content to be merely imitators, we find the same motives of love, wine, song and dance, freedom from care, repeated in the most barren and unimaginative way possible, although this does not mean that there were no new motives introduced at all. That some novel subjects were found is shown e. g. by no. 44 (*To Spring*), 55 (*To a Discus with an Engraving of Aphrodite*), and 56 (*To Gold*). This third group shows a contrast to the others also in this respect, that, as opposed to the simplicity and grace which is characteristic of the best poems of the earlier parts, some poems (e. g. 36) show a tendency to rhetorical effects. This group in its entirety, as is shown by metrical considerations, dates from the Byzantine period.

A VISION OF ANACREON

(1)

Anacreon, the Teian bard,
In nightly dream appearing,
Saw me and spoke, and I did start
Toward him with love and endearing;
And then I felt his kind embrace,
Who aged was, yet fair of face.

Yes, fair he was, a lover still,
And, though by youth forsaken,
Yet e'er he followed Eros' will,

Who hold of him had taken.
And now he gave to me a crown,
Which from his head he had taken down.

Just like Anacreon's lips the wreath
With breath of wine was florid,
And foolishly I from beneath
Did place it on my forehead;
And ever since and even now
Will love no respite me allow.

THE LYRE OF HOMER
(2a)

The lyre of Homer to me bring,
Without its bloody murderous string;
And o'er the goblet's sparkling flame
The festal laws I shall proclaim.
Then shall I steep myself in wine
And dance; and then with rage divine,
Though temperate, I shall play the lyre,
And ne'er of drinking songs I'll tire.
The lyre of Homer to me bring,
Without its bloody murderous string.

A PICTURE
(2b)

Best of painters, come to me,
Listen to my lyre's sweet ditties:
On thy picture let me see
First hilarious laughing cities.

Sporting Bacchae paint below,
Flutes with music light rebounding;
If thy wax so much could show,
Also strains of love resounding.

TO A SILVER DRINKING-CUP
(3)

Hephaestus, silver-smith divine,
Fashion for me thy metal,
Not into panoplies — not mine
Is love of strife and battle.
A hollow drinking cup for me
Make thou as deep as deep can be.

Engraven on the cup I care
To have no constellations:
With surly Orion and the Bear
I have not the slightest patience.
What care I for the Pleiades?
Perdition may Boötes seize.

Pray, vines and clustered grapes for me,
And Maenads them to gather,
And wine-vats flowing bounteously
Do thou engrave much rather.
Bathyllus and Lyaeus fair
Shall press, and Love with golden hair.

TO THE SAME DRINKING-CUP

(4)

O thou of wondrous skilful art,
Fashion for me a cup of spring:
First roses to delight our heart
Shall us the early seasons bring.
Of gleaming silver work it out;
Put on a pleasant drinking-bout.

Not foreign rites depict thou, nor
Their odious philosophy;
Nay, rather Bacchus, whom I adore,
The son of Zeus, engrave for me.
Cypris, who sings the wedding hymn,
Be mystagogue of Bacchus' stream.

And unarmed Cupids' winsome shapes
Depict, and laughing Graces too,
Under a leafy vine, whose grapes
Are hanging down in clusters blue.
Here handsome youths engrave, I pray,
And there let sportive Phoebus play.

TO EROS

(5)

Once as I a chaplet wound,
Though I never sought him,
I midst roses Eros found:
By his wings I caught him.

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Then I dipped him in my wine,
Let it downward trickle —
Now within these limbs of mine
E'er his feathers prickle.

TO HIMSELF

(6)

"Anacreon," the women say,
"Thou art surely growing old.
Just take a mirror, look, I pray,
Thy scanty hair behold."

And my bald forehead then they show,
But I must needs confess,
I know not whether it is so,
That e'er my hair grows less.

Of this, however, I am sure:
The nearer is my death,
The more do joys of life allure,
While still I draw my breath.

ON LIVING WITHOUT ENVY

(7)

For Gyges' wealth I do not care,
The far-famed Sardinian king;
No grudge within my heart I bear,
The tyrants envying.

Anacreontea

But as to me, far more with myrrh
I care my beard to wet;
Fresh wreaths of roses I prefer
To place upon my head.

Today means everything to me,
Tomorrow hidden lies.
As long as it fair weather be,
Do drink and throw the dice.

And also to Lyaeus pour
Libations; for, I fear,
Disease will say, "Pray, drink no more,"
Whene'er it will appear.

TO HIMSELF WHEN INTOXICATED
(8)

By the gods, by the gods I conjure,
Let me drink, let me drink evermore.
For madly to rave do I crave,
As Alcmaeon before did rave,
And barefoot Orestes too,
Who in frenzy their own mothers slew.
But no one would I want to kill,
But my cup e'er with red wine fill.
Thus madly to rave do I crave,
As Heracles too did rave,
When his terrible quiver he shook,
And his bow from Iphitus took.
So formerly Ajax raved,
Who the corpse of Achilles had saved,

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Who the sword of Hector did wield,
And brandished his terrible shield.
But I for a cup only care,
And a wreath to put on my hair.
No bow and no sword will I have:
Thus madly to rave do I crave.

TO A SWALLOW

(9)

Come, what shall I do to thee,
Noisy, chattering swallow?
Wouldst thou after thee have me
With my scissors follow?

Shall I clip thy airy wings,
So thou ceaseest flying,
Or thy tongue which ever sings,
With famed Tereus vying?

Why from me, not yet awake,
With thy noisy chatter,
Didst thou my Bathyllus take
From my dreams, O prater?

TO A WAXEN EROS

(10)

I met a youth who on his hand
A waxen Eros had,
And right beside him I did stand,
And then to him I said:

Anacreontea

"This figure which was made by thee
For how much wilt thou sell to me?"

And, answering, he turned about,
With Doric accents broad:
"Pay what thou wilt, thou wilt find him out —
My skill I do not laud.
But I no longer with me now
The villain Eros will allow."

"Give quickly, quickly give to me;
A drachma will I pay.
Eros, my fair companion be;
Inflame me e'en today.
But if thou canst not me inspire,
I'll melt thee in the gleaming fire."

TO ATTIS

(11)

With fair Cybebe once, they say,
Attis became enamoured:
Half woman, raving, far away,
He on the mountains clamored.

Some, shouting loud on Clarus' shore,
In frenzied madness totter.
Where laurelled Phoebus men adore,
They drink the babbling water.

But rather I with cheering wine
And ointment would be sated.

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Through thee, dear maid, companion mine,
I'll madly be elated.

TO EROS

(12)

I wish to love, to love desire —
So Eros would persuade me;
But not so soon did I take fire;
My stubborn mind delayed me.

And then at once he raised his bow,
And let his arrows rattle;
His golden quiver he did show,
And challenged me to battle.

With breast-plate like Achilles I
My shoulders then defended.
My spear and ox-hide shield to try,
With Eros I contended.

He shot, I fled, and, in his heart
Ferocious anger feeling,
His arrows gone, he threw a dart,
Himself in it concealing.

He touched my heart, he laid me low —
No arms can now protect me.
Without why should I missiles throw?
Within strife doth affect me.

TO HIS LOVES
(13)

If thou the leaves of every tree
Wouldst understand to count for me,
If thou couldst find the billows all,
Which on the Ocean rise and fall,
I'll grant thee then and then alone
That all my loves by thee are known.
In Athens first do I adore
Full twenty loves, then fifteen more.
Next Corinth with whole chains of loves
My heart e'en more than Athens moves;
For Corinth by Achaea is claimed,
Which is for women's beauty famed.
From Lesbos and Ionia,
From Rhodos and from Caria
Two thousand loves put down for me.
What sayest thou? Do I pallor see?
Still of the Syrians must thou learn,
Canobians for whom I yearn,
Who dwell in Egypt's sultry heat,
And those from all-resourceful Crete,
Where Eros orgies celebrates
Throughout its populous city-states.
Why shall I name those who me please
Beyond the pillars of Hercules,
The Bactrians and Hindoos too,
Whose Orient charms my heart doth woo?

TO A DOVE

(14)

" Lovely dove, pray whither, whither
Do thy wings thee bear,
As thou bravest wind and weather,
Speeding through the air?
Why so fragrant are thy wings?
Pray, what care thee hither brings? "

" To Bathyllus I am going,
By Anacreon sent,
To the boy whom all are wooing,
King of all and friend.
Venus sold me for the price
Of a song of smallest size.

" With Anacreon now I tarry
Ever lovingly.
Him I serve, his letters carry,
As thou well mayest see.
He declares not long he'll wait
Till he me will liberate.

" Yet I'll serve him still — with shudder
Freedom's thought me fills;
For why should I sadly flutter
Over fields and hills?
Why should I alight on trees,
Some coarse rustic food to seize?

Anacreontea

"Now my bread I have been snatching
From Anacreon's hands;
He the wine he has used for pledging
Me to drink commands;
Him, when to his lute he sings,
Shade I with my dancing wings.

"Then my feathered wings droop slowly,
As to sleep I go
On his very lyre. Now wholly
Thou my tale dost know.
Sir, depart; to thee I owe
That I have chattered like a crow."

TO A MAIDEN
(15)

Master of the Rhodian art,
Best of painters, I implore thee,
Paint the mistress of my heart
As I say, as though before thee.

First her hairs, which downward flow,
Paint thou soft, dark-brown, unbraided;
If thy wax so much can show,
Let them be with perfume sated.

'Twixt her cheek and ebony hair
Paint like ivory her forehead;
'Twixt her eyes paint not too rare
Of her brows the hair nor florid.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Let thy picture just as she
Show her eye-brows well united;
Only let this hidden be,
Near the eye-lids barely sighted.

Paint her glance like fiery flame,
Like Athena's brightly gleaming;
Winsome be it all the same,
Just like Cytherea's seeming.

Paint her cheeks and paint her nose,
Roses with white milk commingling;
Lips so each like Pitho's shows
E'er itself with kisses tingling.

O'er her chin and marble neck
Let all Graces seem to hover.
For the rest, her body deck
And with purplish garments cover.

Yet a little let appear,
Of her beauteous form a token.
'Tis enough: I herself see here.
Soon, O wax, thou wilt have spoken.

TO THE YOUNGER BATHYLLUS
(16)

My friend Bathyllus, I beseech,
Paint just as I thee now shall teach.
Give to his hair a glossy sheen,
And let it be all black within,

But at its edges sunny white.
His noble locks do not bind tight:
Though gathering each disordered curl,
To flow at random them unfurl.
Below his forehead soft as dew
Be eye-brows dark like serpents blue.
His eyes with black shall brightly glow,
And yet complacent calmness show:
A mixture of Ares, battle-lord,
And Cytherea thus afford.
The former shall inspire with fear,
With kindly hope the latter cheer.
His downy cheek paint thou like rose,
So that it like red apples glows;
A blush as though of modesty —
I see thou canst — put on for me.
As to his lips, I scarcely know
What mould thou shouldst on them bestow.
Well, let them soft and tender be,
On them may we Persuasion see.
Thus showing all these charms, the wax
Doth speak aloud, yet voice it lacks.
An ivory throat paint 'neath his face,
More than Adonis full of grace.
His hands, his breast, let them suggest
The hands of Hermes and his chest.
His abdomen like Dionys,
Like Polydeuces paint his thighs;
And then the parts that lie above
Depict so that they challenge love.
But how thy art is niggardly!
I fain his back would also see:

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

'Twere better far to show that too,
And not, begrudging, hide from view.
Why of his feet shall aught I say?
Whate'er thou wilt receive as pay.
Apollo, whom thou seest, take down,
And with Bathyllus win renown.
If e'er in Samos thou appear,
Paint Phoebus like Bathyllus here.

A LOVE SONG

(17-18)

Give me to drink, to drink give me,
Of Bromius, women, ceaselessly:
Already now I am moaning,
O'ercome with heat, and groaning.

To deck my head bring flowery wreaths
Of vine; my forehead burns and seethes.
But, by love's heat affected,
O heart, how be protected?

I'll to Bathyllus' shadow flee
For refuge — 'tis a beauteous tree.
Its leaves, to a soft branch clinging,
E'er back and forth are swinging.

Close by Persuasion's spring doth flow,
Which with excitement sets aglow.
Who, after all observing,
Could e'er aside be swerving?

Anacreontea

TO EROS

(19)

Long the Muses Eros sought,
And at last they found him.
Then they him to Beauty brought,
When with wreaths they had bound him.

Cytherea is ill at ease,
And she feareth greatly;
But she hopes him to release
With a ransom stately.

E'en though some one set him free,
Eros, there remaining,
Nevermore will try to flee:
Slavery is in his training.

THREE LYRIC POETS

(20)

Sweetly did sing Anacreon,
Sappho did e'er sing sweetly;
Grand odes of Pindar let some one
Mix and pour in, odes stately.

If Dionys should taste these three,
And Aphrodite, with beauty beaming,
And Eros too, it seems to me,
Naught would be left in the goblet gleaming.

DRINKING

(21)

The black earth drinketh merrily,
The trees then drink the earth,
The sea, the streams, the sun, the sea,
All drink with bounteous mirth.

And then again the moon the sun
Doth drink; but ye, my friends,
Pray, quarrel not — 'twere not well done —
When thirst to me extends.

TO A MAIDEN

(22)

The maid of Phrygian Tantalus
Is now a figure of marble,
And she who Pandion's daughter was,
Doth like a swallow warble;
But I would fain a mirror be,
So e'er thy eyes be on me falling;
I fain would be a dress on thee,
So I behind thee e'er be trailing.

Ah! would that I pure water were,
Thy charming body cleansing;
To be thy ointment I prefer,
Thy skin's pliant softness sensing.
To be a band upon thy breast,
Thy necklace which with pearls is laden,

To be thy sandal would make me blessed,
To have thy feet tread on me, maiden.

TO HIS LYRE

(23)

Of Atreus' sons I first intended
To tell, of Cadmus I would sing.
My lyre, however, always ended
So all its strings with love did ring.
Then first I tried to change each string,
Then changed the lyre,
The lyre entire.

And then did I in rhythms stately
To sing of Hercules aspire.
Again, howe'er, most obstinately
Did strains of love sound from my lyre.
Heroes, begone. Of you we tire;
For only love
My lyre doth move.

A LOVE SONG

(24)

His hoofs did Nature give the steed,
Their horns she gave to cattle;
The hare in speed of foot doth lead,
With teeth fierce lions battle;
The fish to swim, the birds to fly
She taught, and man with thought to vie.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

For woman nothing did appear.
What then? She gave her beauty.
For every shield and every spear
And armor it doeth duty.
For she whose beauty we admire
Doth conquer iron and gleaming fire.

TO A SWALLOW

(25)

Thou, dear swallow, as before,
Coming every year,
For the summer-time once more
Build'st thy dwelling here.
When 'tis cold,
As of old,
On the Nile thou playest,
And in Egypt stayest.

Love his dwelling e'er doth build
Right within my heart,
And with young Loves it is filled,
Some whose wings just start,
Some eggs, some
Out would come.
E'er the nestlings clamor,
Ope their mouths and stammer.

Then the little Loves beget
Others as they grow,

And by these again are bred
Others even so.
Help I see
None for me,
Off these Loves to frighten,
And my load to lighten.

A LOVE SONG

(26a)

Thou sing'st of Thebe's glory,
Of Phrygian war-cries he;
But I shall tell the story
Of my captivity.

No foot or horse did harm me,
I was not by navies caught.
Far stranger was this army —
By eyes I have been shot.

LOVE'S BRAND

(26b)

Its branded hip e'er showeth
Us where a horse is bred;
The Parthian men one knoweth
By tiaras on their head.

Whene'er I see a lover,
At once I understand —
'Tis easy to discover
Love's spiritual subtle brand.

A LOVE SONG

(29)

Violently did Eros smite me
With his hyacinthine rod.
To a run did he invite me;
So o'er swollen streams I trod,
And through glens and thickets ran,
Till I to perspire began.

To my throat my heart was aching,
Almost, almost did I choke;
But, his forehead at me shaking,
And his pinions, Eros spoke:
"Wonder not thou canst not run:
Ne'er hast thou to love begun."

A LOVE SONG

(30)

On tender myrtle branches I
Desire my limbs to stretch.
As on a clover lawn I lie,
I wish to drink a pledge.

May Eros pour my wine for me,
While, o'er his shoulders wound,
A tunic, fastened carefully,
Be with papyrus bound.

For life like chariot wheels rolls by;
Not long will death delay.

Anacreontea

Naught but a little dust we lie,
When once our bones decay.

Why anoint a stone? Why offerings give
To those who long are dead?
Anoint me rather while I live;
With roses crown my head.

And, Eros, call the best of maids,
Ere Death me downward bears
Where e'en the dancers all are shades —
I want to drown my cares.

TO EROS

(31)

The midnight hour was passing,
The Bear was about to set,
And Boötes his course was tracing
Behind him with noiseless tread.

And all the mortals unnumbered
Were asleep, with labor sore.
Then Eros came as I slumbered,
And knocked and knocked at my door.

"Who is pounding my door?" I demanded,
"My dreams dost thou make disappear";
And Eros, "Pray, open," commanded,
"I am merely a child; do not fear.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

"I am drenched with rain and did wander
From my road in the moonless night."
I, pitying, not long did ponder,
But arose a lamp to light.

A child with a bow and quiver
On his wingèd back I saw;
And then, as I saw him shiver,
I him toward my hearth did draw.

I warmed his cold hands trembling,
From his hair the water I pressed.
When he became warm, dissembling,
He said: "This bow let us test.

"I fear lest, its bow-strings laming,
The rain set at naught my art."
He stretched his string: at me aiming,
He hit the midst of my heart.

And he leaped and bounded with laughter,
And said: "My friend, be thou glad.
My bow is unharmed, but hereafter
Thou wilt in thy heart be sad."

TO THE CICADA

(32)

Happy insect, we admire thee,
Who on leafy boughs dost sing.
Tiny dew-drops to inspire thee
Drink'st thou, living like a king.

All is thine where'er thou goest;
All in fields and woods thou knowest.
Thou, of husbandmen the friend,
Ne'er with harm dost them offend.

All the mortals give thee honor,
Summertime's sweet prophet true.
Phoebus, thy clear music's donor,
And the Muses love thee too.
Thee old age oppresses never;
Wisdom, song thou lovest ever;
Earth-born, bloodless, blithe of heart,
Almost like the gods thou art.

TO EROS

(33)

Eros once in rosy bowers
Failed to see a bee,
Which amidst the fragrant flowers,
Stung him grievously.

With his finger sorely paining,
Loudly he cried out;
Then to Venus flew complaining,
And to her did shout:

"Mother, I by death am smitten;
I am ruined, see.
Me a small winged snake has bitten:
Farmers call it bee."

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

And she said: "Thus sorely troubled
By a bee thou art?
Eros, think what pain redoubled
Brings to man thy dart."

TO A MISER

(34)

If Plutus gave to man to lengthen
His life through power of paltry gold,
My courage would I surely strengthen,
So that of him I would take hold.

And when it were my time for dying,
For gold Death then would pass me by;
But now of life there is no buying.
For gold why should I therefore sigh?

For e'en if death is surely fated,
Why should I always groan in vain?
Why should I be with sorrow weightied?
Far more by drink I hope to gain.

To drink sweet wine, which cares effaces,
To be with friends is my desire,
And to love's tender sweet embraces
May Aphrodite me inspire.

A DREAM

(35)

Once at midnight I was sleeping,
Under purple rugs I lay;

Had myself in wine been steeping —
Now I dreamed of maidens gay.
Racing with them like a steed,
On my toe-tips I did speed.

Beauteous boys began to jeer me,
That with charming maids I played.
All did vanish who were near me,
When to kiss them I essayed.
No more sleep; for, all alone,
For my dream did I atone.

TO A SYMPOSIUM

(36)

Merrily let us drink sweet wine,
In songs of praise of Bacchus join,
Who first did graceful dances learn,
Who e'er for song and dance doth yearn,
Who like light-hearted Cupids lives,
To whom her love fair Venus gives;
Through whom strong drink, hilarious mirth,
Through whom was good will given birth,
Through whom from sorrows comes relief,
Through whom is laid to rest our grief.
Now beauteous boys, distributing,
Wine mixed with water to us bring;
But from our hearts has sadness fled,
Mingled with blasts by tempests fed.
The wine, pray, let us therefore take,
But off from us our sorrows shake;
For tell me what it profits thee

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

To pine in anxious misery?
The future whither do we know?
Hidden man's life doth onward flow.
Anointed, I for drink will care,
And dance and play with maidens fair.
But as to cares, be they endured
By those who are by cares allured.
Merrily let us drink sweet wine,
In songs of praise of Bacchus join.

TO HIMSELF OR TO AN OLD FRIEND
(37)

A mirthful man, though old he be,
In high esteem I hold.
A youthful dancer I love to see;
But when an aged dancer I find,
His hair to me seems old,
But ever youthful is his mind.

TO HIMSELF
(38)

Since I myself a mortal know,
My forward course o'er life's path shaping,
I know the road where I have been stepping,
But not the part I still must go.

Ye cares, begone, by me abhorred.
Before my end on me advances,
I shall take part in mirthful dances,
I'll laugh and with Lyaeus sport.

TO SPRING OR SUMMER

(39)

There to stroll is a delight
Where luxurious grass is growing,
Where o'er meadows, sweet and bright,
Gentle Zephyr's breath is blowing.

I delight in Bacchus' shade
'Neath a leafy vine to tarry,
Talking with a lovely maid,
E'en whose breath doth Cypris carry.

A LOVE SONG

(40)

The dance of Bacchus I admire,
In sportive mirth abounding;
With youthful friends to hear my lyre
At drinking-bouts resounding.

Howe'er, with wreaths of hyacinth gay
My festive head to cover,
And then with charming maids to play,
Of this I am most a lover.

My heart bleak envy knoweth not;
At drink I hate all quarrels;
The darts by tongues abusive shot
To shun — these are my morals.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

With blooming maidens I desire
To banquet and to revel,
And, dancing to the tuneful lyre,
To keep life free from evil.

A LOVE SONG

(41)

Upon our temples let us place
Garlands of fragrant roses wound;
With wine let us our spirits brace;
Let joyous laughter here resound.

A graceful maid performs a dance,
And, stepping to the lyre, she holds
Two rustling thyrsi in her hands,
Which ivy foliage enfolds.

A youth with soft luxurious hair
In sweet shrill song his voice doth raise;
His breath doth fragrant perfume bear,
While on his harp he gaily plays.

Eros, the god with hair of gold,
Fair Cytherea, and Bacchus too,
Our gladsome revels all behold,
Which e'en the aged with pleasure view.

TO THE ROSE

(42)

The rose, which red with Cupids glows,
With vines we'll interlace;

The beauteous-leaved, the fragrant rose
We'll o'er our temples place;
Of joyful laughter let us think,
And let us cheer our hearts with drink.

Thou, rose, which of flowers dost most delight,
Spring's favor hast thou won;
The gods take pleasure in thy sight,
And Cytherea's son,
With Graces dancing, e'er doth crown
With wreaths of rose his hair's soft down.

Now wreath me too — I'll play the lyre,
And with a maid, whose gown
In deep folds falls, do I desire
In Bacchus' shrine to crown
With wreaths of rose again my hair,
And in hilarious dancing share.

TO WINE

(43)

Whene'er myself in wine I steep,
My cares and sorrows go to sleep.
Why should I groan and troubles bear?
Why burdened be with anxious care?
He too must die who Death abhors.
Why stray at random o'er life's course?
In Bacchus' company divine,
Pray, let us therefore drink our wine.
Whene'er ourselves in wine we steep,
Our cares and sorrows go to sleep.

TO SPRING

(44)

Spring is here: the Graces see
With red roses teeming;
See the billows of the sea,
How they are calmly gleaming.

On the mirrored waters' plane
See how ducks are diving;
See how journeys there the crane,
From the South arriving.

Now the sunlight brightly beams;
Breezes drive the shadows
Of the clouds; for mortals gleam
Houses, fields, and meadows.

Olive branches downward bend;
Grapes with wine-juice swelling
Down from leaves and twigs extend,
Of our Bromius telling.

TO HIMSELF

(45)

I now am very old, 'tis true,
Yet more I drink than young men do,
And when to dance I would commence,
Then will I rush
Into the crush,
Then like Silenus will I dance.

A wine-bag then my staff shall be;
For nothing means a wand to me.

The one to whom 'tis dear to fight,
May ever fight with all his might.
To me a cup be brought by thee,
 O boy; I enjoin,
 Sweet honeyed wine
Mix in it and bring here to me.
I now am very old, 'tis true,
Yet more I drink than young men do.

TO A LOVER OF DRINK
(46)

When Bacchus here is present,
 My cares are put to sleep;
Like Croesus' riches pleasant
 Is my contentment deep.

With ivy o'er my temples,
 I'll sing a graceful song;
My mind on all things tramples.
 Pour in — to drink I long.

A cup do to me carry:
 Than lying dead, my boy,
'Tis better to be merry,
 And lie one's drink to enjoy.

TO DIONYSUS OR TO WINE

(47)

Whenever Bacchus, son of Zeus,
Lyaeus, who our cares doth loose,
The giver of wine, my spirit reaches,
Then he to me blithe dances teaches.

But something gladsome also is mine,
I, who a lover am of wine:
Venus me too with song entrances;
Again will I take part in dances.

TO A SYMPOSIUM

(48)

Whenever I am drinking wine,
Then warm becomes this heart of mine.
With strains that clear like crystal ring
Of Muses I begin to sing.

Whenever I am drinking wine,
Then to the winds which beat the brine
Of the Ocean do my cares depart,
All sombre counsels of my heart.

Whenever I am drinking wine,
Then Bacchus, author of sport divine,
Stirs me, who doth in drink delight,
Through breezes charged with flowers bright.

Whenever I am drinking wine,
Then wreaths with flowers I entwine;
I place them on my head and sing
Of life as calm as balmy spring.

Whenever I am drinking wine,
With fragrant ointment then I shine,
And, with a maiden in my arms,
I sing of Aphrodite's charms.

Whenever I am drinking wine,
My mind unfolds with joy divine;
Under the hollow cups I long
For pleasures of the youthful throng.

Whenever I am drinking wine,
No other gain do I feel mine:
With this alone away I'll go;
For death all mortals layeth low.

TO A MAIDEN

(49)

Maiden, when thou seest
That my hair is gray,
That thou therefore fleest
Not from me, I pray.

And because with beauty
Thee thy youth imbues,
Deem it not thy duty,
My gifts to refuse.

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

See how charming posies
Do our hearts delight
When in them are roses
Mixed with lilies white.

ON LIVING WITHOUT WORRY
(50)

Why teachest thou the laws to me,
And orators' necessities,
And all the useless vanity
Of all these words which cannot please?

To drink sweet wine teach thou, I pray;
With golden Venus to delight
Myself in sportive frolic gay.
The hair which crowns my head is white.

Bring water, boy, wine to me give,
So that my sleeping soul may rest.
Shortly I too no more shall live;
No pleasures for the dead have zest.

TO HIMSELF
(51)

Whenever I young men behold,
My youth to me returns;
Within me then, though I am old,
My heart for dances yearns.

Cybebe, I am in frenzied rage;
To wreath myself I long.
I'll dance, while stripping off old age,
A youth among the young.

That I an old man's strength may show,
A stream of wine bring me.
I know to talk, to drink I know:
My mirthful madness see.

TO EUROPA
(52)

Zeus that bull doth seem to me,
Whom thou seest there:
A Sidonian maiden he
On his back doth bear.

Now, O boy, his course he steers
O'er the spacious sea,
And his hoofs the billows pierce,
Plying busily.

In the herd no bull could be,
Who would e'er not fail,
If he tried across the sea,
Like this one, to sail.

TO THE ROSE

(53)

Rose, which spring-time loveth dearly,
Spring, e'er crowned with wreaths of rose,
Praising thee, my song rings clearly:
From the gods thy fragrance flows;
Mortals give thee joyous praises,
Thee, the glory of the Graces;
Thou art Aphrodite's joy,
And the flowery Cupids' toy.

Thou of poets art a treasure,
Thou delight'st the Muses' mind.
He who seeks thee e'en finds pleasure
Thee in thorny paths to find.
Pleasant too it is to take thee
In one's hand and warm to make thee,
To the temples thee to move,
Thee who art the flower of Love.

Where the festive banquet lingers,
How could roses absent be?
Think of Dawn of rosy fingers,
Nymphs whose arms glow rosily,
Rose-complexioned Aphrodite,
Named by those in wisdom mighty.
Roses sickness, death oppose;
Time is conquered by the rose.

Of the rose whose beauteous glory
Makes old age breathe youthfully,

We shall now relate the story:
'Twas when from the foamy sea
Dewy Aphrodite rising,
First was born, while Zeus, apprizing
All the gods of Pallas' birth,
Showed his head whence she sprang forth.

And the warrior-goddess frightened
All Olympus, but the rose
With its splendor then first brightened
Every land where'er it grows;
And, its cups with nectar filling,
And immortal beauty instilling,
Bacchus godlike it would show:
From the thorns he let it grow.

TO DIONYSUS

(54)

That god to us doth now appear,
Who from young lovers takes their fear;
Through him the troubled no more tire,
Whom drink and dancing doth inspire.
To man a wondrous charm he hath shown,
Love to arouse, yet not to groan.
He guards the offspring of the vine,
Which in its fruit hems in the wine
Imprisoned in the clustered grapes.
When once from them their juice escapes,
Then all without disease shall be,
Then sickness shall our bodies flee,
And from our glad minds disappear,
As time flies on year after year.

TO A DISCUS WITH AN ENGRAVING
OF APHRODITE

(55)

Who fashioned artfully this sea
In wild enthusiasm?
Who on this discus cunningly
Furrowed the waves' deep chasm?

Upon the Ocean's back whose art
With white shows Cypris gleaming?
Gods surely did his skill impart,
Who was godlike visions dreaming.

Her upper half alone doth show,
Without a dress or cover;
The half of her that is below,
The waves are passing over.

A furrow she behind her draws,
As she skims o'er them lightly;
Just like a delicate flower she goes,
While calm is beaming brightly.

The wave which o'er her soft neck heaves,
And o'er her breasts like roses,
She vigorously before her cleaves,
Nor long it her opposes.

And in the furrow right between
Cypris, like lilies' whiteness

Anacreontea

With violets entwined, is seen
Through the calm's peaceful brightness.

On dancing dolphins Love doth ride,
And Eros, gaily smiling;
Pothos o'er silvery waves doth glide,
His playful steed beguiling.

And shoals of tumbling fishes gay
Over the waves are skimming;
Near smiling Paphia they play,
As she is onward swimming.

TO GOLD

56

When gold, the fugitive runner fleet,
Doth me to flee endeavor
Upon his swift tempestuous feet —
Well, let him shun me ever —
I'll never follow him; for who
Would such a hateful thing pursue?

But, since I far away have strolled,
And gave my grief to carry
Upon the wind to fugitive gold,
Now I again am merry:
Into my hands I take my lyre,
And love I let my song inspire.

But when my mind again brings me
Some insolent aspiration,

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Lyric Songs of the Greeks

Then comes the fugitive suddenly
With mental intoxication,
That I seize him — 'tis his desire
I should forget my dainty lyre.

Ah! faithless, faithless gold, by stealth
Thou vainly tryest to harm me;
The bow-strings more than golden wealth
With love — pray, listen — charm me.
For envy, love of treachery
Doth reach the mind of man through thee.

But, mixing cups which do not grieve,
Of love and trusty kisses,
These all the lyre doth to us give.
Thee when thou wilt, one misses.
However, naught could me beguile
To leave my lyre a little while.

Thou crafty stranger dost admire
Far more than all the Muses;
The heart of me who plays the lyre
The Muse as dwelling uses.
Would that her echoes here ring bright,
And that she sends us gleaming light.

TO WINE

(57, l.1-13)

Men and maidens both make merry,
When in baskets grapes they bring,
And them on the shoulders carry,
And into the wine-vats fling.

Anacreontea

Men alone the purple grapes
Press, so that the wine escapes.

To the god they sing loud praises,
Vintage songs; upon the juice,
As it bubbles, each one gazes,
At the jars; but through its use
E'en the trembling gray-haired dare
Now to dance and shake their hair.

TO APOLLO
(58)

I shall arouse my slumbering lyre:
'Tis not a contest for a prize,
But there is need of exercise
For those who wisdom's flower desire.

I to my plectrum's strokes shall sing
In Phrygian rhythms a loud clear song;
Just as with flapping wings the swan,
Friend of the winds, his strains lets ring.

Thou, Muse, to join our dance be moved;
For tripod, laurel, and the lyre,
To Phoebus sacred, me inspire
To tell of the gadfly which he loved.

Still he did not fulfill his aim:
The modest maid, his love to escape,
Once more entirely changed her shape;
A blooming plant she now became.

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But Phoebus ever onward went;
For Phoebus thought the maid to seize.
He plucked a green leaf from the trees,
Thus thinking to his love to tend.

Come now, my heart, I pray thee, hark:
Which frenzy were to have the best?
The goodness of thy weapon test,
That thou beest sure to hit the mark.

Shoot thou with Aphrodite's bow,
Which conquers each and every god;
Songs like the bard whom all men laud,
Anacreon, on us bestow.

A bowl of words to those who are
Still children pledge, a lovely bowl.
With nectar we ourselves console,
And let us shun the scorching star.

LET ME DRINK

(59)

Boy, bring water; boy, bring wine;
Let me drink, to sleep put me;
I now by this cup of mine
Am informed what I must be.

A GOOD LISTENER

(60)

If some one doth to talk desire,
Of hearing she doth never tire.

CORINNA

Corinna of Tanagra in Boeotia was a contemporary of Pindar (sixth and fifth centuries B. C.), and is reported to have influenced the great Lyric poet in his earlier years; be it as instructor, or be it as rival. On the one hand, there is a story that she criticized Pindar's earlier efforts adversely, at first because of poverty of mythological content, and then because of the reverse fault, warning him "to sow with the hand and not with the sack." On the other hand, she is said to have won the prize over Pindar in a contest five times. However, since Corinna censured Myrtis for contending with Pindar on the grounds that she was a woman (no. 14), it is hard to believe that she would have done the same thing herself, even if we are willing to grant the Boeotian judges the requisite stupidity for such a decision.

Pausanias reports that the reason for a victory of Corinna over Pindar was the fact that she wrote in the native Boeotian dialect, and although we have seen we must reject the story of her contest, yet he no doubt gives a real reason for her popularity at Boeotia. She was indeed a thoroughly local poetess; she wrote in the language of her own people instead of an artificial literary dialect, and her principal themes were local myths. So it happened that for the very reason that she

was unknown outside of Boeotia, she continued to be read there for centuries. Finally, when the Alexandrian grammarians became interested in the Greek dialects, one of them must have procured a copy of Corinna's works in Boeotia, and then introduced them in Alexandria, possibly in the second century B. C. No citations from her appear before the time of the Empire, and these are quoted for grammatical or metrical reasons. However, the shorter fragments were supplemented by the discovery in 1906 of two considerable parts of long mythological poems (nos. 2 and 3) on a papyrus of the second century A. D.

These larger fragments confirm the opinion of Corinna which one gets from the earlier shorter ones. She relates her story in a dry matter-of-fact way, and shows no sign of the imagination of an inspired poet. Were it not for the interest in her language and perhaps subject-matter, she, like her contemporary Myrtis, would have disappeared almost without trace. Her provincial character, which at first sight seems to have prevented her reputation from overstepping the boundaries of Boeotia, in reality accounts for the antiquarian interest of the later grammarians, which alone could have resulted in the preservation of any part of her works.

CORINNA'S THEME

(1)

Of heroes and heroines I shall tell,
And on their virtues my song shall dwell.

HELICON AND CITHAERON

(2)

"The goddess Rhea through a ruse
From crafty Cronos then took Zeus.

"Great honor won he since that day
Among the gods." Thus ceased his lay.

The Muses did the gods enjoin
Into gold urns immediately
To place their pebbles secretly.

They all arose and stood in line.

Most votes were for Cithaeron claimed;
Loudly as victor he was named

By Hermes, messenger clear-voiced,
Immediately. Now wreaths were wound,
With which the gods Cithaeron crowned.
He greatly in his heart rejoiced.

But Helicon by burning grief
Was seized; and now, to find relief,
Upon the smooth rock he laid hold.
The mountain yielded: grievously
Lamenting, he below did see
It bury multitudes untold.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ASOPUS

(3)

" Of Zeus and of the goddesses will she a servant
be:
In this will she be blessed; but of her daughters
three
By Father Zeus are taken, the king of gods and
men,
Three others by Posidon, who o'er the seas doth
reign,
And two doth Phoebus marry. By Maca's
goodly son,
By Hermes, still another fair daughter has been
won.
For Eros thus, and Cypris, induced them, who
had come
On secret visits so far, to see them in their home,
The maidens nine to marry. These some time
will give birth
To a race of godlike heroes, and spread o'er all
the earth,
Old age will find them never, as I have recently
Learned from Apollo's tripod, sign of his
prophecy.
Midst many mighty brothers this prize alone was
mine.
Truthful Acraephe won I, prophet of this dread
shrine.
For first the son of Leto to Euonymus did grant

Corinna

To tell among his tripods his oracles to man.
Posidon's son named Hurieus him from the land
did cast;
The second to hold this honor, the prize to him
now passed.
Next was my sire Orion, his land again he won,
And, leaving me for heaven, this honor gave his
son.
Friend of the immortals, therefore, do thou thy
grief dispel;
Take cheer, divine of marriage, true oracles I
tell."
Thus spoke the sacred prophet. Asopus did re-
joice.
Seizing his hands and weeping, he thus poured out
his voice:

BOEOTUS

(4)

To thee, O blessed son of Cronos, do I sing;
To thee, son of Posidon, O Boeotus, king.

ORION

(5)

Orion, victor, for might far-famed,
After himself the whole land named.

THE SHIP-WRECKED ODYSSEUS

(6)

On a beam o'er the waters he did glide,
Exactly as one a horse would ride.

A SACKER OF CITIES

(7)

The city in ashes he laid low
As soon as he himself did show.

A CONTEST

(8)

And now for thee as prize
With Ares Hermes vies.

A WARNING

(9)

For the envious divinity
Not always thus will favor thee.

A LOVING MOTHER

(10)

Her son desired she to enfold
And in her loving hands to hold.

Corinna

THESPIA

(11)

O Thespia, with offspring fair,
Which strangers loves, to Muses dear.

CORINNA AT TANAGRA

(12)

A beauteous stately song I'll sing, which will delight
The Tanagran women who are clad in robes of
white;
For wonderfully do my citizens rejoice
At my clear-sounding, eloquent, and lively voice.

AWAKE, CORINNA

(13)

Corinna, thee asleep I see?
'Twas not thus with thee formerly.

MYRTIS AND PINDAR

(14)

Though Myrtis' song rings bright and clear,
I cannot this commend:
She, though a woman, did not fear
With Pindar to contend.

TELESILLA

Telesilla of Argos is usually placed at the end of the sixth century B.C.; for it is said that when the Spartans under Cleomenes had annihilated the Argive army in 510, she called upon the women of the city to arm themselves in defence. However, Herodotus, although he relates the story of that struggle, is silent about Telesilla, and this leads to the suspicion that it is a later myth. Eusebius, doubtless more correctly, places her much later — 451/O B. C.

Aside from indirect quotations and single words there is only one extant fragment:

O maidens, this is Artemis,
Who from the Alpheus River flees.

PRAXILLA

Praxilla of Sicyon lived about 455 B. C. according to Eusebius. She wrote various kinds of lyric poetry, but was best known for her skolia or drinking-songs, in fact no. 3 is expressly called a skolion by Aristophanes, though without mention of the author. It seems that she was particularly popular at Athens, as Aristophanes on two occasions implies a general familiarity of his audience with certain quotations from her. She is also mentioned as giving her name to a certain meter, as an example of which is quoted the original of fragment 5.

In addition she wrote poems in hexameter, as is shown by nos. 1 and 2. The latter gave rise to the proverb "more foolish than the Adonis of Praxilla," but it may well be that she intentionally represented Adonis as being naïve rather than that it was a slip on her own part.

Of the general merit and character of her poetry it is, of course, impossible to judge from the five short extant fragments.

ACHILLES

(1)

But the will in thy breast till now I have never persuaded.

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ADONIS

(2)

Fairest of things I leave is the sun so beautifully
gleaming,
Second, the face of the moon and all the stars
brightly beaming,
And the cucumbers and apples and pears with which
orchards are teeming.

LOVE THE BRAVE

(3)

These words thou of Admetus learn,
My friend, to love the brave;
From cowards do away thee turn,
For they no graces have.

BEWARE OF SCORPIONS

(4)

'Neath every stone, companion dear,
The presence of a scorpion fear.

A WEDDED BRIDE

(5)

O thou, who through the window there
Thy beautiful eyes dost show,
Though with a head like maidens fair,
A wedded bride art thou.

ERINNA

Erinna was in ancient times reputed to have been a pupil of Sappho, and by a modern scholar it was suggested in support of this tradition that Eranna, a name mentioned by Sappho in one of her fragments (no. 18), looks suspiciously like Erinna, and probably should be emended thus. However, Eusebius gives as her date 352/1 B. C., and this removes her fully two centuries. It was merely her successful imitation of Sappho which gave rise to the tradition of a personal relation.

As to her birth-place nothing definite is known. The fact that she uses Dorian forms in her epigrams would seem to point to a Dorian nativity. Of the four places mentioned by various writers, either Telos or Rhodes would consequently be possible, with the preponderance of opinion favoring the former.

Of her poetic ability we can hardly form an estimate from the few extant fragments. We need not take seriously that ancient admirer who compared her with Homer, any more than similar comparisons of the hopelessly prosaic Corinna with the Theban eagle Pindar. Aside from three small fragments of her most famous poem, *The Distaff*,

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written in hexameter, we have only three epigrams which show no extraordinary ability.

FROM THE DISTAFF
TO THE POMPILUS

(1)

Thou, fateful fish, who escortest the sailors over the
Ocean,
Homeward escort thou her whom I love with
ardent devotion.

GRAY-HAIRED WOMEN

(2)

Gray-haired women are sparing of words, of old age
are the flower.

SILENCE MIDST THE DEAD

(3)

Therefore o'er Hades only the empty echo does
hover;
Silence there is midst the dead, while their eyes the
darkness doth cover.

EPIGRAMS

THE PICTURE OF AGATHARCHIS

(4)

'Tis a deft hand which painted this picture.
Dearest Prometheus,
Men also surely are like unto thee as to skill:
Truly, whoever painted this maiden, well might it
be said:
If the voice were there too, 'twere Agatharchis
herself.

THE TOMB OF BAUCIS

(5)

Grave-stone and Sirens of mine, and thou, O urn
full of sorrow,
Who thou containest within all that is left of
my dust,
Give to those who come to my tomb my kindest
greetings,
Whether they townsmen be, whether they come
from afar.
Also tell them that I while a bride in this tomb
have been buried;
Baucis was the name by which my father me
called.
This also may they know that I am from Tenos;
Erinna,
My dear friend, for this tomb wrote the inscription
ye see.

THE TOMB OF BAUCIS

(6)

I am of Baucis the bride; but thou, who passest
this grave-stone,
This I ask thee to tell Hades who dwells 'neath
the earth:
"Hades, malignant thou art"; to him who sees this
fine tomb-stone
It doth clearly relate Baucis' most heart-rending
fate,
How the maiden for whom they sang Hymenaeus
with torches,
Was on the funeral-pyre burnt by her relative
instead.
Thou too, now Hymenaeus, the tuneful song of her
wedding
Fit to the mournful sound of her sad funeral
dirge.

NOTES

SAPPHO

Numbers 9, 16, 17, 24, 25, 28, 35, 38, 44, 46, 64, 66, 72, 87, 93, and 103 are not expressly attributed to Sappho in the ancient writers who quote the respective fragments, but are assigned to her by conjecture of some modern scholar.

3. A badly mutilated fragment of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri. The text followed is the tentative restoration of Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, *Neue Jahrbücher* vol. 38 p. 228.
4. A Berlin fragment (no. 9722 p. 4), with various doubtful places both as to readings and interpretation.
5. The "Julian" fragment. The text as in J. M. Edmonds, *Sappho in the added Light of the New Fragments*, Cambridge 1912.
6. A Berlin fragment (no. 5006), as restored by Blass and others. Possibly the person addressed is Charaxus, the brother of Sappho referred to in the two following fragments.
7. From the Oxyrhynchus Papyri (ed. Grenfell and Hunt), vol. 10 no. 1231. For Charaxus and Doricha, the Rhodopis of Herodotus, see p. 13.
8. From the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, vol. 1 no. 7. The last stanza is much mutilated, the translation representing the uncertain restoration of Blass.

9. Possibly Cleis is not a daughter, but a girl friend. However, that Sappho had a daughter, is also claimed by Maximus Tyrius, who says that fragment 68 was addressed to her daughter on her death-bed.
10. From the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, vol. 10 no. 1231. The fourth stanza is uncertain because of doubtful readings, and the last stanza is merely a tentative restoration.
11. A Berlin fragment (no. 9722 p. 2).
12. Also in the Berlin Museum (no. 9722 p. 4). Text and interpretation according to Wilamowitz-Moellendorff.
13. From the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, vol. 10 no. 1231. Gongyle is also mentioned in 4.
- 14-25. Atthis is also mentioned in 12. Other names of girl friends occurring in the longer fragments are: Gongyle (4, 13), Anactoria (10), Arignota (12).
16. For Andromeda, a rival of Sappho's, cf. 53f.
20. Most probably Dice is here a clip name for Mnesidice of the last fragment, although some think that the goddess of Justice is thus addressed!
23. Perhaps addressed rather to a friendly competitor, although the future makes it look more like a prophecy of success for one of Sappho's pupils.
- 24f. These fragments, as Hartung thought, may refer to Atthis (cf. 16).
- 26-39. The Epithalamia or bridal songs were

Notes

- sung by a chorus instead of an individual. They were nevertheless closer to the style of popular poetry than almost any of the other poems. Cf. e. g. the humor of 26 and 37, and the popular repetitions of 28 and 33.
37. According to Francis Brooks: "Possibly taunts directed by maidens against the bridegroom's friend who kept guard over the marriage chamber."
- 40f. From the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, vol. 10 no. 1232. Because of their almost Epic detail Wilamowitz-Moellendorff thinks these fragments, though attributed to Sappho in the manuscript, are spurious.
- 45f. These fragments, like the bridal songs (26-39) and 93, have the appearance of folk songs.
47. This has been referred both to a brother of Sappho and to the bride at the wedding festival. Both interpretations are contrary to Athenaeus, who says that Sappho is speaking to "him who is much admired because of his form and is considered beautiful."
48. The answer to Alcaeus 20.
50. From an epithalamium.
- 53f. Andromeda is also mentioned in 16.
56. Maximus Tyrius refers to either Andromeda or Gorgo.
59. The spuriousness of this fragment lies on the surface; for Sappho was over a half cen-

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- ture older than Anacreon.
74. A proverb referring to those who wish for good unmixed with evil.
75. Gello, a girl known for her fondness of children, was said to have flitted around nights after her death.
- 77-83. Sappho's feeling for nature appears also in 12, 29, and 38.
99. Refers to the story that Helen, considered the daughter of Leda, in reality originated from this egg.
102. Some think of magic rites, others of a wedding.
104. Possibly should be united with the preceding.
- 114-116. All are doubtful, the last being most probably spurious.

ALCAEUS

Numbers 14, 21, 22, 23, 28, 42, 43, 45, 55, 85, and 86 are attributed to Alcaeus by conjecture of some modern scholar, not on the testimony of the ancient writers who quote the respective fragments.

6. From the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, vol. 10 no. 1234. The similarity to 25 and 26 suggests that this also may be allegorical.
9. Might equally well have been placed under the heading "Political Songs."
15. A Berlin fragment (no. 9810), imperfectly restored.
17. No doubt refers to Alcaeus himself.
20. Answered by Sappho 48. I have followed

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- Bergk and others in joining two fragments which are separated in the Anthology: nos. 34 and 19.
21. I have followed Bergk in his substitution of the vocative of the girl's name Crino for the unintelligible manuscript reading: the dative of Cronos, retained in the Anthology.
 - 25f. For Myrsilus cf. also 9. He is mentioned with Pittacus in 31.
 28. Both the authorship of Alcaeus and the reference to Pittacus are very doubtful.
 30. The text of Bergk is here followed.
 31. An Oxyrhynchus fragment (vol. 10 no. 1234).
 33. From the same source as 31.
 34. Dinomenes was a favorite of Pittacus.
 35. Pittacus was the son of Hyrrhas.
 36. From the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, vol. 10 no. 1234. Both the nature of the bargain referred to and the identity of the opponent described as a "cunning fox" are obscure. However, since Pittacus is certainly the subject of the poem following in the manuscript (31), he is probably referred to here also according to Grenfell and Hunt. In our interpretation the "fox" must rather be a Lydian.
 37. From the same source as the preceding.
 38. Also an Oxyrhynchus fragment (vol. 10 no. 1233). The peace referred to is that between Mytilene and Athens in their struggle for Sigeum in Asia Minor.
 39. For Antimenides see p. 52.

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- 40. The martial deed referred to was no doubt some factional fight against a tyrant.
- 48. From the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, vol. 10 no. 1233. The second and third stanzas refer to Thetis, the mother of Achilles.
- 49. From the same source as the preceding.
- 56. May refer to some storm during the journeys of Alcaeus.
- 59-69. Cf. also 12f.
- 69. Also from the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, following no. 31. It was the beginning of a poem.
- 76. If we may judge from the imitation of Horace (*Carm.* 3. 12) this is the complaint of a love-sick girl.
- 84. Allegorical, according to Bergk.
- 85. Like 84 probably allegorical, according to Bergk.

ANACREON

Numbers 3, 28, 34, 36, 78, 85, and 97 are attributed to Anacreon by conjecture of some modern scholar, but are not expressly assigned to him by the ancient writers who quoted these fragments.

- 1. The city of Leucophrys in Asia Minor is referred to.
- 14. For the allusion cf. p. 82.
- 24. Erroneously supposed to refer to Sappho.
- 27. The meter of the original is one characteristic of "iambic" or satiric poetry.
- 30-35. Drinking naturally is closely joined with love in much of Anacreon's poetry: cf.

Notes

- 2, 6, 17, 20, 22; also the prayer to the god of wine (11).
33. Possibly belongs to the same poem as 32.
34. Is referred by some to the stay of Anacreon in Athens.
51. Megistes is a favorite who is also mentioned in 17f.
52. Is supposed to have been written in anticipation of his return home during the last years of his life (p. 81), but both the interpretation and Anacreon's return rest upon a very uncertain foundation.
59. Artemon was Anacreon's successful rival for the affection of Eurypyle.
74. The Thalysia were the harvest-festivals.
76. Like 27, this fragment is in a meter used for "iambics" or satire.
86. The subject is feminine.
- 102-107. These are all erroneously attributed to Anacreon in the Palatine Anthology.

ANACREONTEA

9. An allusion to the story of the sisters Philomela and Procne. Tereus had cut the tongue of the former, whom he had induced to become his wife after making her believe that his first wife Procne was dead. Though thus made speechless and confined in a lonely hut, Philomela managed to convey to her sister her plight, and after taking bloody revenge on Tereus and when

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being about to be put to death by him, she was transformed into a swallow according to the version followed here, otherwise a nightingale, Procne being the swallow. Tereus was changed into a hoopoe.

Bathyllus was one of Anacreon's favorite boys, but his name does not appear in his genuine fragments.

11. Cybebe or Cybele was an Asiatic name for the goddess Rhea or Mother-Earth.
14. For Bathyllus see on 9. He is the subject of 15 and 17. 18.
22. The first two lines are an allusion to Niobe, who, together with her children, was turned to stone because she had the presumption to compare herself and her children favorably with Leto and her children, Apollo and Artemis. The next two lines refer to the metamorphosis of Procne or Philomela into a swallow (see on 9).
23. It was the custom to exchange the strings of the lyre for others which fitted the new subject better whenever the theme of the song was changed.
34. Plutus was the god of wealth.
45. The beginning of the second stanza is an imitation of Anacreon no. 78.
49. Evidently an imitation of Anacreon no. 26.

CORINNA

- 2f. These two fragments are found on a papyrus in the Museum at Berlin (no. 2847).

Indices

2. A contest in music between Helicon and Cithaeron. At the beginning of the fragment the latter was just finishing his lay telling of how the infant Zeus was rescued by Rhea from his father Cronos, who was wont to devour his own offspring.
3. Asopus asked the oracle of Apollo in Ptoion in Boeotia concerning the future of his daughters, and receives the following answer.

PRAXILLA

Number 5 is assigned to Praxilla by conjecture, although she is not expressly mentioned as the author in the source of the quotation.

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(The numbers in the three columns are, respectively, those of this translation, of the *Anthologia Lyrica* ed. Hiller-Crusius, and Bergk's *Poetae Lyrici*, fourth edition.)

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63	47	83
64	54	88
65	84	98
66	83	97
67	85	99
68	76	93
69	—	—
70	23	71
71	60	51
72	91	102
73	50	86
74	21	68
75	39	81
76	80	59
77	89	95
78	24	74
79	27	73
80	41	13 ^A
81	66	96
82	48	84
	187	

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83	82	61
84	57	16
85	58	17
86	65	43

ANACREON

I	I	I
2	13	17
3	47	65
4	48	47
5	39	46
6	44	62
7	—	13 ^A
8	15	19
9	22	24
10	23	25
11	2	2
12	3	3
13	4	4
14	49	48
15	14	18
16	20	22
17	30	41
18	69	74
19	43	61
20	78	82
21	33	44
22	56	66
23	89	93
24	9	14
25	70	75
26	71	76
	188	

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27	83	87
28	67	72B
29	25	29
30	28	32
31	31	42
32	45	63 (l. 1-3)
33	45a	63 (l. 4-6)
34	58	56
35	59	57
36	10	78 Adesp.
37	63	69
38	16	20
39	38	39
40	79	83
41	55	54
42	7	9
43	34	45
44	6	8
45	85	89
46	12	15
47	24	28
48	32	43
49	73	77
50	74	114
51	35	16
52	62	36
53	66	72
54	27	31
55	64	70
56	—	12B
57	87	91
58	77a.b	80
	189	

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59	18	21 (l. 1f.)
60	19	21 (l. 3ff.)
61	26	30
62	61	68
63	82	86
64	86	90
65	76	79
66	81	85
67	5	6
68	52	51
69	60	67
70	37	38
71	72	78
72	54	53
73	11	40
74	8	13B
75	29	33
76	84	88
77	—	7
78	88	92
79	68	73
80	75	81
81	51	50
82	65	71
83	42	60
84	53	52
85	80	84
86	21	23
87	41	59
88	17	35
89	90	94
90	91	95
	190	

Indices

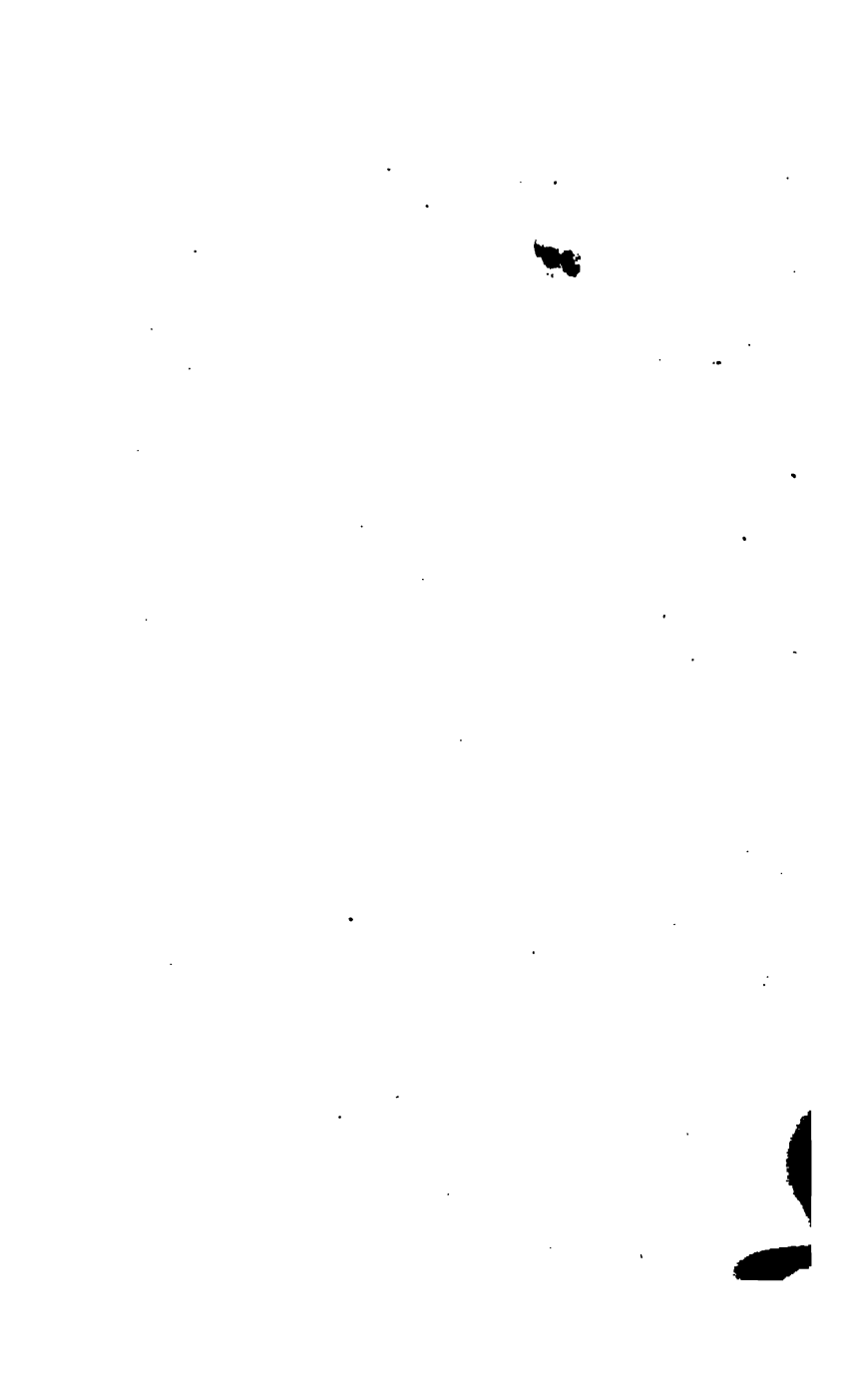
91	92	96
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93	95	101
94	96	103
95	97	104
96	98	105
97	99	106
98	100	110
99	101	111
100	102	112
101	103	113
102	104	109
103	105	102
104	106	107
105	107	108
106	108	115
107	109	116

CORINNA

1	4	10
2	—	—
3	—	—
4	2	1
5	3	2
6	6	14
7	8	16
8	5	11
9	3a	4
10	11	19
11	14	23
12	1	20
13	13	9
14	12	21
	191	

Lyric Songs of the Greeks

The numbers of the Anacreontea and of the fragments of Praxilla and Erinna correspond to those both of the Anthologia Lyrica and of Bergk's fourth edition.







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